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The Seed

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# THE CHICAGO SEED

AD 1948

Chicago Tribune  
THE WORLD'S WORST PAPER

## EXTRA: PIG WINS!

Washington, Nov. 5. (special to the Tripune). Thousands of people took to the streets this evening to commemorate the election of Swineburne P. Pig to the nation's highest office. Lining Pennsylvania Avenue, they cheered so fervently at the sight of Mr. Pig's bullet-proof sty that the seismograph at New York City's Fordham University had to be disconnected.

In an unrehearsed statement, Mr. Pig thanked the American people for their vote of confidence. He promised to continue in the American tradition of Garbage and... stating that, from this day on, "no animal would be more equal than any other."

"This country has been for the Birds, and we're going to do our best to change that. During my barnstorming campaign, I learned America is not

sick-- she's just a bit constipated."

After his spirited speech, Mr. Pig joined his Vice President for a victory dinner at the Feed Store.

Berkeley, Nov. 5.

Jerry Rubin, America's fair-haired boy wonder, led a torchlight parade through the streets of this city to express joy over the triumph of Mr. Pig. 55,000 people jammed Cody's bookstore to purchase The Collected Works of S. P. Pig, the President-elect's seminal work on American political theory. Rubin was heard to scream "Yippie" as he cashed his check from the First National Bank of Hanoi.

New York, November 5.

Abbie Hoffman and the Gypsy Digger Motorcycle club led the entire population of the Lower East side to the top of the Empire St. Building for a marathon electric yo-yo organized by 3,000 birds

were accidentally killed when they flew into the T. V. tower.

Birmingham, Alabama, November 5.

George Corley Wallace expressed sorrow over "the choice of the American people." Wallace, speaking from the steps of the Veteran's for a Third World War lodge hall, announced that "after all, I'm a much bigger pig than that Swineburne fella. It must have been those Eastern monied interests."

New York, Nov. 5.

Richard Mildew Nixon tonight stated his hope that Mr. Pig would rejoin the two-party system. After reading an extremely brief press release, he was seen to turn and retreat into the shadows, muttering "Checkers, Checkers."

Minneapolis, Nov. 5.

Hubert Horatio Hamfrey returned

KARL-HEINZ J. GOMESCHBACH



THE PAPER  
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Costumes by Moody Bible Institute

"America has dry-rotted to the point where the final seed of the new is almost ready to sprout."  
D. H. Lawrence

#### \* IMPORTANT NOTICE \*

Will anyone who witnessed the removal of David Edmunsen from the statue of General Logan in Grant Park on August 26th contact the Chicago Legal Defense Group, 127 N. Dearborn. David is facing serious charges and needs all the testimony he can get.

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# WALLACE-LEMAY FOR THE USA



## or THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

I'd been to the Amphitheater once before. It was during the Democratic Convention, and the only lesson learned had been that people on the south-west side of Chicago don't cotton much to long hair. That week had been macabre Mardi Gras; it was fitting that the latest circus to come to town had chosen the same place to pitch its tents and lay out its hustle.

Driving to the Amphitheater out along Pershing Boulevard is an exercise in sliding realities. We passed the Black Student's Alliance office, fountain-head for the recent school boycotts, and nodded sagely at the words "Unite or Perish" stenciled over the doorway. We passed the storefront and came to Wallace Street, we rode on and saw a billboard for "America's finest Watermelons". We kept on until the low grey walls of the arena came into view.

The Big Top, with a large neon sign advertising a forthcoming wrestling match between Dick the Bruiser and somebody else, and a larger painted one introducing tonight's gladiator, George C. Wallace against the anarchists, law and order vs crime in the streets, the White Hope against the Robert Taylor homes that loomed silently in the night sky.

If the Ringmaster was the former governor of Alabama, the company was that brand of lupine-looking, hard-assed, not-so-bright somatypes so aptly characterized by Mailer in his Harper's article on the Convention. Simple people, longing for a return to the status quo ante progress, for the days when blacks shouted "yahs-sur" and everyone had crew-cuts and nobody burnt draft cards (to say nothing of draft boards). People who exist by the hustle or the connection, by the crumbs of patronage politics or "liberated" appliances or their cousin's store.

The Andy Frain ushers had been replaced by 400 of Chicago's finest, two or whom searched our office manager and photographer (perhaps the benevolent upswing of my moustache saved me from a free feel by some blue-button-in-the-lapel plain-clothesman). It dawned on me that we were the evening's heavies, cannon fodder for George's long-gun. Wallace would not have to incite his crowd by rhetoric. We would do it for him.

Inside, the Revolution was hard at work. Trained agents from Hanoi had formed an underground railway to speed tickets out to the massed cadre of blacks,

longhairs and New Lefties. We were crashing the party of the rich-but-ugly girl in the eighth grade, and she would sprout a few more pimples before the night ended.

It is so obviously the year of the Pig, the shuck, the hype, the put-on, and the "outside agitators" came in that spirit. Gone were signs like "strike a blow against fascism", replaced by "Run Over Anarchists", "Policemen For Wallace", "Get A Haircut". The tactic was co-option, the underlying ethos was that no-one still cares about communication or dialogue.

We were crashing their party (circus?--my metaphors are breaking down), and some of the ten thousand guests got a bit miffed. As Curtis Dismay (color his hat almost black--he favors birth control and legalized abortion) solemnly invoked the Wallace pledge of allegiance-- "This is the kind of thing we'll put a stop to on election day."--the occupied zone was slowly flanked by leather jackets and rebel flags and long blonde hair bopped into savage eyes. As the Wallace singers returned to the stage after a triumphant rendition of "Cottonfields Back Home", the cry of "hey rube" went up and the first row of our people disappeared in a surge of fists and screams. "Communists!" "Evict the bums!" "Dirty hippie!" One revolutionary was taken to the hospital. He never had a chance. Hauled into enemy territory, he was pummeled and stomped before the eyes of the trained killers who staff such organizations as SDS and who had dutifully snake-danced through Lincoln Park. Where was our karate-trained army? Where was the confidence of ten minutes before?

Blue uniforms from all over the city (it must have been a good night to carry on in the 20th District--wonder how Wallace rationalizes that). Irony--as the police charged up the stairs to save us from "the people" (do the streets belong to them?) the band struck up with "The Saints Go Marching IN".

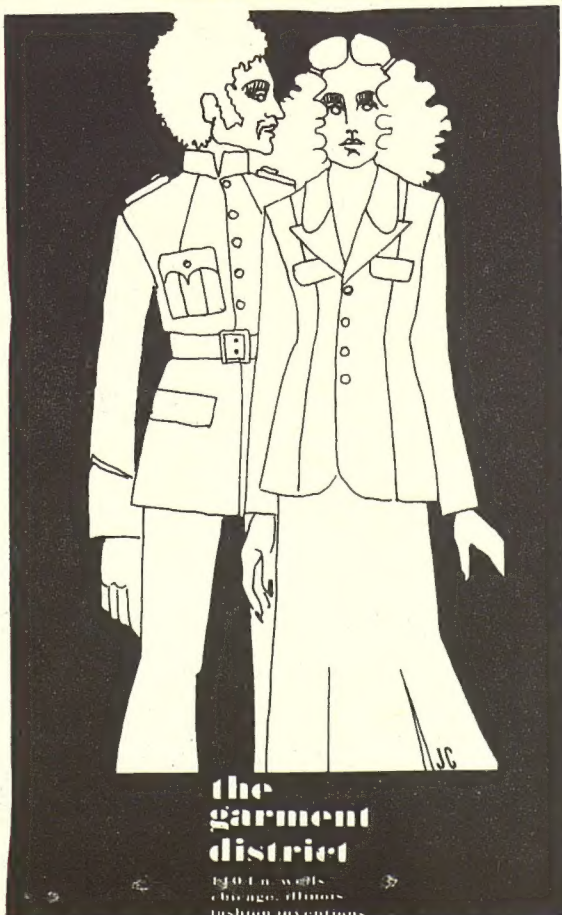
There had been many v's and a few fists when the Star Spangled Banner was played. The v-ers, young ladies in dresses (masquerade party--"gee, do you think I'll pass for a Wallaceite?"), guys in mod shirts with scarves around their necks, were shocked, probably in the same way that the kids at Columbia were shocked when the heat over-ran the campus and cracked heads. They hadn't yet learned a lesson of the jungle--"put your ass on the line and you've no-one to cry to if it gets shot off" It was a circus and we were the bread.

Lemay droned on as people coped with their culture shock. "Trained activists and revolutionaries tried to destroy the atmosphere, during the recent Convention, and trained activists and revolutionaries are trying to destroy the atmosphere here tonight". The politics of paranoia, an unwarranted tribute to people who couldn't fight their way out of a paper ballot, an absurd statement to make in an arena where you couldn't go to the bathroom without a police escort.

At 8:41 God entered from stage left. Our people screamed and yelled their self-confident self-delusions while the madmen on the main floor screamed that all the long-hairs and niggers and anarchists and Jews and liberals and city slickers and (filled in as desired) would be taken care of. The main-floorers had no use for the chicken-soup philosophy of HHH, they wouldn't even accept a Nixon who might act to make "those people" go away. They wanted George, virile, greased-haired George, who would send the jagoffs back where they came from.

I sat and rehashed my intellectual appraisal. A Presidential candidate who receives a 10% psychological disability from the army, who serviced the industry of his state at the expense of its people, who built a road to his brother-in-law's house while people huddled in shanties, who rants about nationwide law and order while people die at an alarming rate in the streets of Birmingham. But an unseen magician, a stock character in this circus, passed his wand in front of me and dissolved rational process. I was in Grant Park, only the sides were all screwed up. It wasn't my rush and, dammit, I supported my local police.

CONT ON P 6



the  
garment  
district

130 E. Wells  
Chicago, Illinois  
fashion inventors



# ON TO PIG PRO CON

My fellow Americans,

It is reasonable to expect that the established forces who have made this country what it is today (grunt) will try to prevent my inauguration. It has always been this way whenever a "have-not" rises to a position of power. If I am allowed to assume leadership, who will cater to the myriad vested interests that carve up the apple pie of America? If I usher in a new age of honest statespignship, to whom will all the backs and ruffians bullshit?

I walk naked through the streets of this nation because I have nothing to hide. I refuse to wear a mask on Malloween. I walk on all fours because I consider myself to be your humble servant. Does Richard Nixon walk on all fours? Only sometimes. Does Hubert Humphrey go naked through the ghettos to prove that he is at one with the poorly-clothed minorities who inhabit them? Does George Wallace ever take off his mask?

My fellow Americans, I offer you not the bogus American dream but the American reality of pigshit and garbage. It is only by perceiving this reality, by accepting it, that we can then move toward the society that we desire.

During my youth, I had the privilege of living on a small farm. I knew the virtues of rural life, but I felt that my duty was to the great masses of men who have congregated in what are called cities. I came to the city of Chicago. I was scared, for I knew well that city's nickname--Hog Butcher. I was like a Jew visiting Buchenwald, a black man journeying to Selma, an Irishman trapped in turn-of-the-century London with no funds.

I was arrested in Chicago. I was held prisoner by the established forces. My bodyguard was cut down by their troopers. I have dedicated the remainder of my life to ending the possibility of such situations again arising. To do this I need your help. Join me in Washington on January twentieth. It is the beginning of a new year. Let us come together to make it the dawn of a new age.

## PERSPECTIVE:

Do you remember grade-school? Can you recall how excited the class got whenever a Field Trip was announced? Wasn't it frantic--collections for the chartered bus, screaming matches with mom over what to wear, singing "100 bottles of beer on the wall", the most outrageous kid in the class "liberating" some trivia from the best-guarded exhibit. And, if you were really lucky, the rush of a learning experience.

Well kiddies, those days have been buried in the slime of the American reality. But we're still in school, only it's a bigger one, a spaceship called earth, and it's our task to run around on/in it and check to see if all the parts are in good working order. There are courses in theory, and there are shop courses. In this school, the syllabus requires that theory and shop be taken together, since the Headmaster will flunk you if there are gaps between thought and action.

There's going to be another Field Trip, and the Headmaster will insist that we adhere to the terms of our enrollment. On January 20th, we're all going to our nation's capital. We're going to witness a very special event, an event that has happened (with some alarming exceptions) only once every four years--the installation of a president. If you'll look over to the left side of this page, you'll see that Swineburne P. Pig, the choice of the American people, has invited all his constituents to join him in Washington. Can you let your president down?

You ought to begin planning your Field Trip now. You won't want to miss it. This could be the last event of its kind for a long time, or you might have to watch the next few while on an extended vacation in Canada or Europe. You might even have to live with the Headmaster's decision that camp is better for you than school.

How can you not go? Didn't you ever go downtown with daddy and watch the troops parade on Armed Forces Day? Don't you want to see that parade again? President-elect Pig has promised that Inauguration Day will see the largest parade in our capital's history. They'll be National Guardsmen and real soldiers and marines and palace protectors and special

cont. on page 6

In about one hour, I will watch them elect a President. Why can't I react as I would have a year ago? Why can't I laugh at their antics anymore? Something about "them" has changed. Something's happened to me, also. Something is happening here and I don't know what it is.

My people have changed: some of them will never be my people again (but they probably weren't my people even then). Something's happening here and no-one knows exactly what it is. What is it going to be? Whose world is my world?

George Wallace's world of conform or die?

Hubert Humphrey's world of smiling pious superstatism?

Eldridge Cleaver's world of pigs, honkies and brothers.

Jerry Rubin's world of angry toy guns.

Abbie Hoffman's world of stick-your-tongue-out and kick-em-inna-shins?

The Beautiful Beatled World of Yellow Submarine, the world where "Revolution" means ESCAPE (Maybe now that he's been busted, John Lennon will get real heavy and start writing songs about streetfighting men.).

The Ohio Express Bubble Gum World Fruit-gum Company?

Thé Berkeley Barb?

The Chicago Tribune?

And now my brothers are saying "come to Washington...we can't let them say 'Fuck You' like that.. Richard Nixon symbolizes the great middle finger of America pointing at you 'n me... Come along and dance/run/burn/smash/die-in-the-streets.

The tragedy is that you know they're right about the inauguration. America went to the polls today to elect a method of keeping us in our place... George Wallace's flaming sword, Richard Nixon's iron hell, Hubert Humphrey's velvet glove... just ways to keep the faggotcommieunamericanfuckinhippieanarchists from wrecking things. To keep the Lazylustcrazedsavageniggers from trying to take away "everything we've worked so hard for."

What is for me to do in Washington? Express

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# POLITICS OF DOOM?

...yes, I would like to "generalise my criticisms of the Underground", elaborating my point about it's "political death wish"... "phoney culture" .. "etc." The etc. has me worried, since the other two quoted terms pretty well cover the range of my arguments as first made public in my notorious long letter to the "New Statesman", a letter which I understand has subsequently come to be regarded down there among you as the four-cornered, hard-edged perimeter of absolute squareness. Well, even though I would never dream of assigning Underground politics a "deathwish", I still think that on present showing they have their own doom built in, whether they wish it or not. Obviously, Underground politics, such as they are, wish for most of the things which the liberal-humanist tradition has long cherished as the very opposite of death: love, peace, creativity and the rest of the caboodle. But as Hannah Arendt pointed out at the end of one of her classic studies of totalitarianism, politics is not the nursery.

Politically speaking, it seems to me that as long as the Underground preaches revolution, it is setting itself up to be knocked off. The revolution it calls for would in fact be the worst thing that could happen to it, since the Underground would be automatically and abruptly taken care of by whatever force emerged to administer the resulting chaos. (This force needn't be the police, by the way: vi-

gilante daddies with a few young mouths to feed would justifiably beat you to death with tee-square as you tried to grab milk from the crates.) In its heart of hearts, of course, the Underground has no plans for revolution, since this would mean taking over an industrial society which is too complicated for it to understand. Nor does it even have plans for bringing immediate pressure to bear on the people who actually do administer the industrial complex. Perhaps by instinct, certainly not by brains, the Underground seems to have tumbled to the fact that continued and increasingly complicate industrial progress is the necessary precondition of its own survival. The clearest demonstration of this new awareness (a semi-conscious awareness, I fear) is that the Underground, when it fights at all, fights the police--the very force specifically designed and paid to deal with street action. As genuine saboteurs of the industrial system, the Underground does not rate; although with typically boneheaded ignorance it dismisses the old Committee of 100 stuff as essentially quiescent.

But of course the Underground is right and my generation was wrong on this subject: you can't smash the set-up by peeing down the manhole... parking your arse on a V-bomber runway, or even blowing up Battersea powerhouse. The only way to fight City Hall is by providing an alternative mode of existence and keeping it running long enough for

the industrial complex to become humanised by penetration and by example. This is the real politics of the Underground, a politics it inherited from the CND (Committee for Nuclear Disarmament) generation without gratitude or understanding, just as the CND generation inherited the old radical tradition without gratitude or understanding, and so on all the way back to Christ Jesus, whose followers first landed us with the continuous historical problem

(not just a difficulty but a problem and never to be laughed or sung or "meditated" out of existence) of moving the legions out without moving the priests in. And what I originally objected to about Underground politics I still object to: its pigheadedness about what really are its politics, its blindness to the fact that it must guarantee the continuity of its own intelligence by clarity and by study, its blindness to the fact that a down-grading of technological complexity would mean suffering on a large scale, its blindness to the fact that its own present liberty was created in the past by men it has not the knowledge or the discrimination to recognise as heroic, its blindness to the fact that any revolution open to a power grab is a defeat.

My idea of unmitigated, catastrophic boredom is to listen to a convocation of dropout mumbling about Britain's similarity to, say, Greece. The subject of the differences, of how these differences came about, and how best they can be preserved, never comes up. As a psychological climate, the Underground in Britain is essentially an atmosphere in which some clod getting busted for not being smart enough to hide his pot can imagine himself to be in the same political condition as a middle-aged, committed Greek intellectual being tortured for what he knows. And so on around the ring, until every distinction is blurred. We-are-the-Viet-Cong-and-

cont. on page 17



# Feedback

Dear John,

I was walking down the elaborate cement walks with the wind messing up my hair ripping open my shirt, with people sneering at my scummy teeth and my smelly clothes; they said freak behind me. The world was littered with candy bar wrappers and broken glass and nobody digs me like I want them to do. There weren't any little children; no dogs romped; no sun penetrated. I was all fucked up, hung up, strung out, not doing anything at all. And I thought of you.

They said it couldn't happen here--- but it's happening. People are living somehow; freaks get busted; leaves are falling; votes are cast and regretted; but everywhere I look I see the sickening gloss of chreamcheese coating the world, gumming up and hassling. I've been writing a little, rapping, working for the Resistance and radicals, marching--I even dropped some really intense acid. But it all sounds like, "gee whiz, how stoned are you?"

I am doomed to dismal and total failure, even though there is truly a Oneness about all experience and experiencers. John I've seen you on t.v. and in "Life" magazine and was glad to learn that you are doing your thing. I must find mine first, before I can do it. Turn me on to any information you can get about YIP and civil disobedience. One of our courses has been turned over to us, so we are doing what we want to study. If there are any such documents available, please send them to me. If not, write one for me.

The time shall come when we shall see we're all One or something like that.. I am beginning to live, but it is very hard, as you have noted; the prices life places on it are horrendous. The answer is so simple if we can just see it.. I wait in peace.

Bill

Dear Bill,

If everyone liked everyone the way they'd like them to there wouldn't be war, racism, and all that other bullshit "they" call reality. When I think of you I keep flashing on the first acid trip you had and the trip being spent in jail... when I think of it now it was a bummer but you held up remarkably .... from this to the last all this to the last time I saw you ... in Headland.. I'm sorry I couldn't rap but I was on some STP... all this to where your'e at now it's a long way... judging by your letter you sound like you're on a bummer... these are bad times for all of us... the movement is dying or possibly going underground in reality. We at the SEED have finally managed to shake off the entire spooky vibes left over from the summer... it takes time to realize what your thing is and until that why the fuck hassle yourself... before getting into this I was just a happy go lucky outrageous freak taking alot of dope, balling a lot of chicks, absolutely no responsibilities... from that to a wife and a beautiful baby boy... it's changed any head around quite a bit. "you are me as am he and we are all together..." if you want some advice(who the fuck am I to, but) may I suggest splitting from the U of I riff... rest your head, go west, meet some people.. the most important thing to remember is that, when possible, do what you want to do the most and do it right away... you'd be surprised to see what living in the mountains or by the ocean can do for you.. leave all centers of any population... confront yourself with what's hassling you... as Abe(editor) would say... "Fade, man..."...that's the only thing I can say...why fuck yourself up about the affairs of the world... make sure that the world around your immediate life cycle is in gear...if not, then it's up to you to correct it. I hope that I've given you something to think about... would really dig seeing you. Maybe the next letter will help.

Love, J. n

Dear friends---

I imagine few of your readers have heard of Walter Gropius or of the Bauhaus--though Chicago had its own Bauhaus for a time. The Institute of Design here continued the Bauhaus education, adapted to the American scene. The original Bauhaus was closed in 1933 by the Nazi government. To say that it was only a school of modern design does not convey the powerful originality of the students, who explored techniques only now being redeveloped--light machines, wire and plexiglas sculpture--indeed, almost any innovation you can imagine in the creative arts.

This long introduction is a slight background to the remarks which follow. They are relevant to our present situation, and come from the Bauhaus.

Today tradition and authority intimidate man. He no longer dares venture into other fields of experience. He becomes a man of one calling; he has lost his connection with first-hand experience. His self-assurance is lost. He no longer dares to be his own healer, nor trust his own eyes. Specialists--like members of a powerful secret society--block the road to many-sided individual experience, the need of which arises from man's biological existence.

The choice of a calling is often determined by outside factors: a man becomes... a lawyer or a manufacturer because he can take over his father's business. "Market demand" is the criterion. A man becomes a locksmith or an architect (working inside a closed sector of his faculties) and if, after he has finished his studies, he strives to widen the field of his calling, aspires to expand his special sector, he is at best a happy exception.

Here our system of education has been found wanting...

A 'calling' today means something quite different than the following of one's own bent, something quite different from solidarity with the aims and needs of a community. Everything function--and functions alone--on the basis of a production system which only recognizes motives of material gain. One's personal life must, then, go along outside one's 'calling', which is often a matter of compulsion, and regarded with aversion...

A specialized education becomes meaningful only if an integrated man is developed in terms of his biological functions, so that he will achieve a natural balance of intellectual and emotional power. Without such an aim, the richest differentiations of specialized study--the "privilege" of the adult--are mere quantitative acquisitions, bringing no intensification of life, no widening of its breadth. Only men equipped with clarity of feeling and sobriety of knowledge will be able to adjust to complex requirements, and to master the whole of life.

Our modern system of production is imposed labor, a senseless pursuit, and without plan; its motive is to squeeze out profits to the limit. This, in most cases, is a reversal of its original purpose.

The chase after money and power influences the form of life, even the individual's basic feelings. He thinks of outward security, instead of his inner satisfactions. On top of this is the penning up of city people in treeless barracks, in an extreme contraction of living space. This cramming is not only physical: city life has brought an emotional choking of the inhabitants.

Today neither education nor production springs from inner urges, nor from urges to make goods which satisfy one's self and society in a mutually complementary way.

The educational system is the result of the economic structure. During the frenzied march of the industrial revolution, industrialists set up specialized schools in order to turn out needed specialists quickly. These schools in very few instances favor the development of man's power. They offered them no opportunity to penetrate to the essence of things, or to the individual himself. But... no one was concerned with this because no one could foresee the destructive results.

The creative human being knows (and suffers from it) that the inherent values of life are being destroyed by the pressure of money-making, competition and trade. He suffers from the materialistic evaluation of his vitality, from the flattening out of his instincts, from the impairing of his biological balance. Children usually act in accordance with biological laws. They refuse food when ill, they fall asleep when tired, and they don't show courtesy when uninterested. If today's civilization would allow one more time in order to follow biological rhythms, lives would be less hysterical and less empty.

There is no more urgent problem than that of realizing our desire to use fully man's constructive abilities. For the last 180 years or so, we have been thinking about the problem, talking about it, and attempting to act upon it. Even today our practice is at best a statement of belief, and not a realization. Partial rebellion is only evidence of monstrous pressure, a symptom. Only the person who understands himself, and cooperates with others in a far-reaching program of common action, can make his efforts count. The revolutionist should always remain conscious that the struggle is, in the last analysis, not about capital but actually about the right of the individual to have a satisfying occupation, a life-work that meets his needs, a balanced way of life, and a real release of human emphasis.

I send you this, first as a perspective, to help us remember that our efforts have a long history, a strange history of repression which has no power to kill--because man's needs are the same, and we still seek to fill them as they have never been filled; it is also intended as a reminder that the revolution goes beyond politics, that it must be based on individual self-realization and a 'community' of those who know this common goal.

Cynthia

Gentlemen:

Please enter my subscription to your newsletter. Also please understand that my interest in your organization is purely academic. I have no desire to be in any way identified with your concepts and ideologies, nor should be subscription to your paper in any way be construed to imply sympathy with or support of, your socio-political-economic policies and viewpoints.

Thank you,

Robert D. Creswell

Please understand that we accept your subscription for purely financial reasons and do not endorse your cop-out.

Dear Abe, Colin, Harry and Paul,

We are tired of having to pick up after you slobs. We were hired to work as office and business managers not janitors. If garbage and coffee cups are not disposed of you shall be severely chastised. We the amalgamated workers of SEED Pub. Inc. have declared a strike until our demands are met. How's that grab you honkies!!!!

John and Terry

p.s. When the hell are we going to get our water cooler....?



Introduction: The following article is reprinted from The Ubyssy, the student paper of the University of British Columbia in Vancouver. It arose out of visit from jumping Jerry Rubin to the U.B.C. campus, during which the faculty club was liberated by 2,000 students.

# YIPPIE-MAFIA COALITION!

It was no coincidence that the Democrats chose Chicago as their convention this year and that the Hippie-Yippie protest movement chose to demonstrate at it rather than the Republican convention in Miami.

The Democrats chose Chicago because it was the home of one of its strongest backers and it was with this fact in mind that the young rebels chose Chicago hoping to break up this alliance. So it was that while the Democratic convention held the national spotlight that in an abandoned warehouse somewhere in south-side Chicago the Hippie-Yippies held a meet with that very same group of powerful backers, the Mafia. But before the details of that conference, a little history is needed to enlighten the reader.

## 1. Brief history of the Mafia-Government Alliance

The Mafia and the various governments in power, both Republican and Democratic, had over the years developed a satisfactory working agreement. The government would enact laws that turned seemingly harmless human activities into illegal vices, the price for these activities, since they were now illegal, would rise, the Mafia (after it had eliminated all effective competition) would fill the increased demand at the new high prices, and the government would receive a certain percentage of the profit. (For further information on the economic aspects the reader is advised to consult John Berris Fartipton's Models for a Free Enterprise Competitive Capitalist System.)

## 2. Break up the Alliance

Three events sadly shook this alliance however. The first was the death of Alphonse Capone, the underworld leader. His arrest for tax evasion had originally been agreed to by both the syndicate and the government. The government needed the arrest to quell public clamor over the crime and Capone himself had expressed a desire to rest for a while partly in order to cure his ailment. The government agreed to give him the special treatment he requested and finally arrested him, quieting down the public. (Prices of course once again rose with this new crackdown on vice.) However when Capone died in a federal prison the Mafia charged negligence and breach of the contract and were ready to sue the government. To avoid total disaster the government repealed prohibition. This gave a legal front to the underworld speakeasies that had risen up during prohibition and through various methods had driven out the nonsyndicate owners that had existed before.

This smoothed things over some until 1941 when the U.S. went to war with Italy. The Mafia regarded this as outright racism and it was only with the greatest reluctance that they accepted, in way of appeasement, leading positions (their names changed of course) in the arms of industry and the military (many went on to distinguish themselves in conflict for their courage and daring and as a result became top-rank leaders and shared in the rewards of such future successes as Korea, Bay of Pigs, Dominican Republic and Viet Nam).

The two events were not however sufficient to break the ties that bound and it required the third event to do it. Actually, it was not an event, but rather a series of events, a subtle, growing danger that the Mafia had been watching with increasing concern.

A change in government's fundamental position towards crime was coming about. Whereas once the government had been content to let the Mafia do the dirty work and just sit back and collect, it seemed now to be moving towards an attitude that the Mafia could be made a junior partner or even done away with altogether.

The proud, free-spirited and independent-minded gangster faced a dismal choice: glorified civil service or extinction. The turning point in their decision came with the arrest of Joseph Valachi. The public was led to believe that Valachi was arrested so that he would name big names and games but the Mafia knew better. Big business and big unions along with the big government had long been copying big crime's techniques and adopting their principles but they still hadn't reached the level of efficiency needed to compete successfully with the Underworld. They therefore arrested Valachi not for the names and the doings which he could reveal (The government knew them well enough)

but rather to gain the last bits of managerial technique that the Mafia still held in secret, and to try them out at the earliest convenient time, which strangely enough turned out to be the Democratic Convention. Thus, the Mafia pretended to continue supporting the government while they were arranging to confer with their possibly new associates, the youth protest movement.

## 3. The Mafia and the Protest Movement

Because both the radical movement and the underworld regarded the situation as basically a struggle for survival, they immediately had a rapport as to the strength of dissent from the path America was on. The Yippies, though idealists, recognized the easiest way to destroy the government was to form a third party alliance with one of the most important backers of the present social order. The Mafia, more so than business and labor, and despite its long association with them still possessed to a small degree the flair or charisma that the youth were looking for in the life of the nation. Even the official name, Casa Nostra (our house) rang with warmth in comparison to the cold names of other bureaucratic (for the dissenters recognized that the Mafia was bureaucratic as well) institutions, e.g. General Motors, American Telephone and Telegraph, etc. There was more a sense of community and identity, that primitive tribal feeling in the Mafia.



(A more cohesive and practical factor was the drug market. The Mafia eyed with envy the potential market for drugs among youth which was now mostly in the hands of inefficient and usually unreliable kids themselves. Though they had the best intentions, service was not the best. The Mafia had hoped to turn this into a bargaining point in which they would give support to the radicals in return for the control of the drug trade. Their service would be insured by the famous Mafia Code of Ethics for Pushers: Always Can Get. Always It Late. Always too Little. Always It Costs. Better than a well-meant nothing, isn't it, they demanded with reason, and several of the rebels who weren't high agreed reasonably).

## 4. The Meeting: Beginnings and Internal Affairs:

However, right from the beginning great differences were evident. Tempers flared when several bleeding protestors, who were being taken to the washroom in the warehouse to be cleaned up, ran into several men changing out of blood-covered police uniforms and spiked boots into the Mafia garb,

custom-tailored mohair suits and pointed shoes.

Another outburst arose when Sergio Franchi started to sing Ave Maria, the traditional opening song of regular Mafia meetings. At the other end of the hall the protestors had erected a platform, and on it the Mothers of Invention had set up their instruments and started to sing Suzy Creamcheese. A compromise was worked out and Perry Como was brought in to sing Lady Madonna.

The seating of delegates was for the most part an internal affair as various groups, scrambling for recognition in the crime world, challenged the delegations and even though the Yippies supported the majority of the challenges they remained in the background for awhile and because of this fact I will only go into the barest of details about the credential challenges.

The Mafia-picked chairman tried to rule out the challenges. Fingers Scarlett pointed out that though the Mafia was for the most part Sicilian it had allowed Capone, a Neopolitan, to be its boss. He further pointed out that several top Mafia jobs such as Governor of California and Mayor of Chicago were held by non-Sicilians.

"We are making progress," he said. The protestors screamed tokenism and the fight went to the floor. I will only go, as I have said, into the most important challenges, the first of which occurred in New York, when a delegation called the Harlem Followers of Marcus Garvey (originally the Black Mail Party) unseated the rival Mafia-backed delegation.

The Blackstone Rangers received a narrow defeat in their bid to unseat the all-Mafia delegation from Chicago headed by Ricardo Dalini. Immediately cries of racism arose and a minor riot was only averted when the Rangers pulled out ice-picks, chopped down the legitimate delegation, and left en masse immediately. The only other major incidents were the requests of several favorite son delegations, the Bonnie and Clyde, Jesse James and Billy the Kid ones in particular, to receive Honorary Membership in the Mafia for their non-Mafia favorite sons. They received it.

## 5. Down To Business:

The Yippies, after the internal affairs had been settled, came back into the forefront. The platform was being drafted that would be the beginning, hopefully, of the much-awaited third (actually now fourth) party. It was here that the differences once again came out.

On the questions of the means to insure victory there came about tremendous differences. The young rebels were for violent revolution and abortion but against capital punishment. The Mafia was willing to go along with the stands on capital punishment and revolution but were dead set against abortion on religious grounds.

This difference on religious philosophy caused another debate on free love. Several prostitutes and their pimps argued against free love, charging it would leave them unemployed and basically devalue love itself. Love, they argued, if it is to be worth something, must cost something, be it emotional wear and tear or dollars and cents. The idea of free love was therefore a contradiction in terms. Love was giving and taking. And somebody's got to do the taking. However, dissent had arisen within the group as a result of organizing by several young radicals. These girls in turn protested the wages they received from their men. The pimps then tried to explain to their girls that money was not everything and that the best things in life were free and it started all over again.

## 6. The Las Vegas Issue and Final Resolutions:

The biggest issue of the night came when the Las Vegas plank of the platform was read. It was here that the division between the radicals and the underworld became most acute. The Mafia had gone into Las Vegas to rescue it from the menace of Walt Disney Productions, a group which had slowly been taking over, using the same methods that it had used to wrest its western counterpart, Anaheim, from the C.N. The Mafia had feared that it would do the same to Las Vegas and it had been slowly moving its forces in to prevent this occurrence. But, despite all its efforts (in fact, half its forces were occupied there), they had been unable to take over

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effective control. The threat at the present time seemed greater than ever, for while the Disney people had once been resigned to the use of infiltration, they had now come out into the open under the leadership of a man called Howard Horatio Hughes.

The Yippies urged immediate withdrawal but the Syndicate said that if they withdrew immediately they would lose face. "What guarantees could we offer the grape orchard owners, who are right next door, that they would be safe?" When the voting came the Mafia plank won and any possible unity was shattered. Thus the voting for President and Vice-President was in reality an anti-climax. The young dissenters nominated a Mark Rudd-Paul Krassner ticket while the gangsters nominated the expected ticket of Joe Bonanos and Lucky Luciano. Several delegates still hopeful of a compromise had started a movement for a Mario Savio-Meyer Lansky ticket which would prove agreeable to all ethnic and crime factions and were in the process of nominating their candidates when the warehouse door flew open and several men in blue police uniforms ordered the delegates to line face forward along the wall, hands above their heads, with no turning around. There was a brief burst of gunfire, silence, and then a voice: "It's with a heavy heart..."

Peter Lincoln

## IT'S 10:15 ON THAT WEDNESDAY MORNING

Richard Milhous Nixon,  
Daley, Maalox No. 2.

Hubert Horatio Humphrey,  
Ha, ha, ho, ha, ho, ha, ho.

George Corley Wallace  
Come, come, come to the fair.

"Only the brave,  
only the brave,  
only the brave deserve the fair."

Toronto Anti-Draft Counselor:  
"A little healthy paranoia  
never hurt anybody."

Gustavus Gandalfus

## RESISTANCE DAY

The Chicago Area Draft Resisters announces that November 14th is a Day of Resistance, "when hundreds of young men across the United States will send their draft cards back to the government. We will not ask for or accept II-S or other deferments or even C.O. status. When we are classified 1-A and called for induction, we will each say HELL NO, loudly and publicly."

Why? "Because Resistance is an affirmation. We say no to killing, no to war. We say no to totalitarian pressure, no to the draft. This is part of saying yes to life and yes to freedom. For each of us, the decision to resist means saying YES..."

Why? Because "we are committed to changing America. We are against the domination of foreign countries, a domination that often must be defended by American troops. We are against U.S. aggression in Vietnam... The Vietnamese must fight the troops our government orders there. Black people must fight for self-determination in their communities. Migrant farmers must fight for unions and decent wages. WE must fight the draft."

"Won't you join us, brothers?"

## DEMONSTRATION SITES:

U. of C 10 A.M.--silent vigil in front of  
Rockefeller Chapel  
59th & Woodlawn  
10:45----rally outside Chapel  
House

other demonstrations at: Circle  
George Williams  
Roosevelt  
Northern Ill. U.

Contact CADRE, 519 W. North Avenue (664-6967)  
for further information.

## CADRE COURT REPORT:

Bob Freeston--3 years for failure to submit to  
induction--on appeal  
Dave Kuebrich--3 years for failure to submit...  
no appeal--contact c/o DuPage  
County Jail, Box 300, Wheaton

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By 8:48 all of our people had finished their clowning, but the main floor and our flankers went on and on. Rhythmic clapping, rhythmic, rhythmic. "We love the past. We love the past". Wallace stickers rained on us from behind, punctuated by an occasional round of saliva. No-one turned around. A kid of 14 or 15, who had been freaked by my chant of "dirty hippie" during the initial goofing, whirled and confronted me, a Wallace sticker pasted across his forehead. He looked for all the world like a youthful Pict ready to descend from the highlands (of Scotland or of Appalachia) and do battle for his chieftain.

At 9:02 the candidate of the American Independent Party occupied the center ring. It was the standard speech, yet the audience ate it up. It cried of fear and simplicity, of the little boy kicking his father in the shins after having his allowance cut off. It offered nothing concrete (thereby fulfilling the first law of political oratory) except the all-important appeal to naked prejudice.

"I want some of the newsmen to read it and weep tonight."

"Come up here and I'll autograph your sandals for you--if you're wearing any."

"The schools are run by pseudo-intellectuals..."

"Have your day now, because after November 5th..."

"The Supreme Court has handcuffed our police..."

"He (R. F. K., referring to "Communist" professors who support the V. C.) said,

"I don't have time. We're too busy busing school children in Chicago."

He kept on, stringing them out with platitudes upon emotion. He told them who he was--"a man who defends property, free enterprise and the Constitution" and they cheered, forgetting that they've little property, no real share of the system and a bankrupt document for a code of government. He audaciously appealed for support from "all races and colors", and they cheered, knowing deep in their fundamentalist hearts that "crime in the streets" means nigger. He promised to return the schools and the government to the people, and these sudden populists cheered as loudly as the kids who marched through Chicago chanting "the streets belong to the people". He spoke of law and order, not needing the liberal appendage of "justice", and greasers who've made careers of confronting the Man applauded while the radical sons and daughters of the middle class booed. He mentioned the lack of choice between Humphrey and Nixon, and everybody applauded.

It was 9:30 and we were now completely ringed by police. Wallace was condemning people who support the V. C., I was thinking about the

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myself? Explode in cathartic rock-throwing and pig-calling? Make believe there's really a revolution. I'm no revolution. I'm just a particularly noticeable but not very dangerous pimple on the fat and tired ass of long-suffering stupidity. Bother--some perhaps, but not enough to make the slug-like mass of flesh ponderously rise. I could be expunged simply enough, but I'm just not worth the effort right now. Then, maybe if I go to enough Washingtons I'll pass the qualifying exams. Then my people will have to go through another mutation.

And the face of Joy became the face of Anger, which gave way to the faces of fear, death and desperation.

What is there for me to do in Washington?

What is there to be done in Washington?

What is there to be won in Washington?

The work to be done is here, not work of silliness but work of organizing and preparing, of gathering energy and resources for our projects To hell with them.

THE MAN  
AT EASE  
LOVES YOU

efficacy of NLF flags at peace rallies, John kept leaning over to advise that we should leave before the rest of our people. Wallace was grinding to a halt, sensing that the rhythm was turning into a drone, sensing that he had catharized the crowd and that no more could be done this evening. At 9:40 he concluded, making the promise of promises, the ultimate pie-in-the-sky statement for today's America--"We're going to return some sanity to the country." The King of Hearts making his royal pronouncement, voting thumbs down to the outsiders.

We left to the strains of "Dixie", smiling as we were jostled by dock workers and meat packers and bikers (what happened to the alliance in Lincoln Park? "Wallposter", did you tell me a lie?). Outside, on Halsted Street, a street of truck lots and factories and parts shops and union halls, outside, rapping with the man about why I'm leaving the country in the near future, rapping with black students, catching a rush from friends in a hostile sea, standing on the corner and being cursed at. We walked to the car, followed by a pack of grease kids. We walked, ignoring their taunts, not wanting (or were we trapped by our ethic? Has LSD made me forget how to make a fist, how to punch some loudmouth asshole in the face?) to fight it out on someone else's turf. We walked by a dark car, our wolfpack closing in, John pulling "Welcome George Wallace" off the stick, Terrie and Dennis falling in between us. Suddenly we heard a resonant voice, "They're here for us." We looked into the Ford and saw four heavy, heavy black cats, leather-jacketed, bereted, scarred. They turned on their lights, and the brightness shook the demons from our tail. Thank you, brothers. Just try to understand that we're on the same side, but on different trips. We drove around the block and back onto Halsted, we saw thirty cops running to guard a guy and two girls in a McCarthy car (were they properly radicalized?).

It was a night at the opera, a night with the inmates sans Marat but too much with Sade. It was a night of being thankful for strange favors--for a liberal buffer, even for the man. It was a night of realizing that the Movement will get freakier and freakier in its attempts to convince, cajole and wheedle these people into realizing that it's not their country, it was a night of realizing that the Movement will never reach them even if it drops confrontation in favor of tap-dancing. The SDS flier in my hand read "we may do a lot of crazy things, but the reason we demonstrate is that we see that the elections offer no possibility of advance either for black people or for the white majority." Friends, they're not looking past that comma.

And Officer Croke, you who stood between the outrageous and the outraged, what were you thinking?

Abraham Peck

We want you to be fat.

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2464 N. Lincoln

a family restaurant

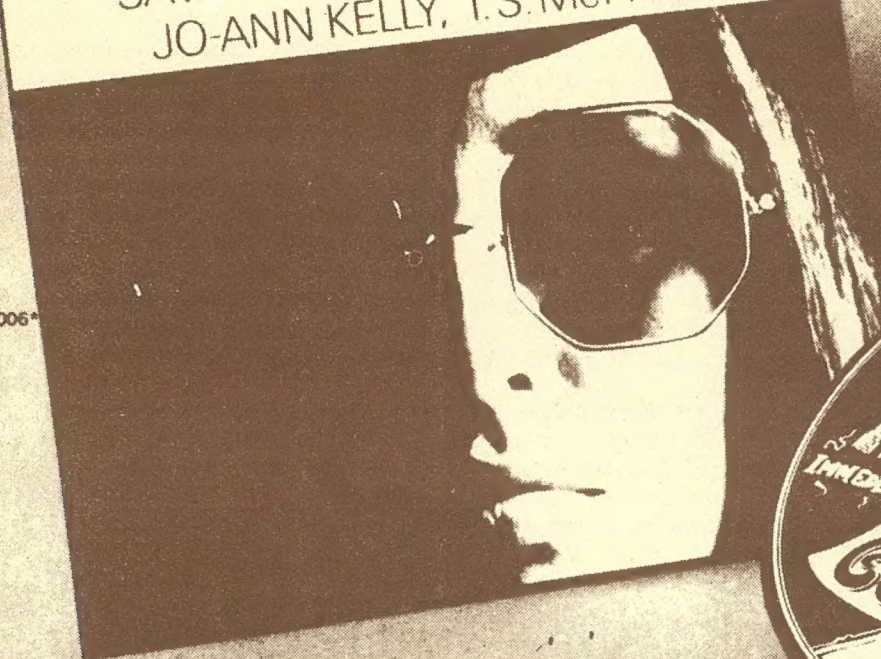
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# INTERVIEW WITH JAMES HARVEY

James Harvey is a twenty-three year old native Chicagoan who has been instrumental in the on-going struggle with the Board of Education over control of the twenty-two predominantly black high schools in the city. Educated at Wilson and Roosevelt colleges, he was a member of SNCC from 1961 to 1964, when he resigned to dramatize the need for black direction of the black liberation movement. A founding member of ACT, he was national chairman of that organization's youth program until 1966, when he helped to found the Afro-American Students Association.

Harvey has traveled throughout the world as a "specialist in revolutionary tourism." He has observed various freedom struggles and has met with delegates from the National Liberation Front in both Europe and Asia.

UMOJA, the organization channelling the boycotts, states as its founding principle "that it is necessary for all men and women believing in Freedom... (to)... confront and resist the U.S. white racist oppression of Black people in America." It concerns itself with organizing black students in high schools, in areas faced with university expansion, and in the community as a whole. It endorses opposition to "military research directed against urban population (Black people)," the draft, and "corruption, racism and militarization of the local police" while favoring the promulgation of black heritage and culture and community organizing "to build an ideological base... (and)... to prepare the Black Community for Survival and Defense."

The boycotts closed several schools and led to mass absenteeism. They were a manifestation that black youth has gotten itself together for the long haul toward cultural and political independence. The demands go far beyond the tokenism of yesterday; the fifteen point broadside is a manifesto of cultural, political and social freedom designed to make Black Pride the governing ethic of the schools and Black Power the pragmatic for action.

**SEED:** Specifically, what are you trying to accomplish?

**HARVEY:** Our current effort is the result of three things. First, the need to increase the amount of power possessed by students in black communities by putting an end to isolated action; second, the fact that a mass movement would, for the first time, bring a lot of things out into the open; third, the chance to build a mass black student movement.

What we want goes beyond the schools themselves. Our sixteenth point, which we will energize in the near future, calls for a weekly time slot in the school program in all black schools during which outside people--community people--can come in to the schools and make presentations in the areas of history and sociology to build the strong relationships needed to return schools to their communities.

Within the school, we see the creation of advisory boards as the best way to implement this goal. The advisory boards would begin to develop curriculum-community teams and act as models for the local control boards desired for the future. The board personnel would be chosen by the people in the community.

**SEED:** How do you define a black school?

**HARVEY:** A black school is one with 65% black students.

**SEED:** The controversy over the position of full-time-basis teachers in the system has been afforded a lot less attention than your battle, but revolves around the similar issue of primarily black teachers being accredited by a white structure and in accord with white standards (ed. note--see Ego Trip this issue). Have you made any alliances with them?

**HARVEY:** They've been the most responsive group in the system. Our demands implicitly put them in a better position. They'd be the first to fill staff positions for the Afro-American courses that would be set up under the advisory boards.

**SEED:** Superintendent of Schools Redmond ordered the Junior College complex to shut down at 2 P.M. yesterday (Nov. 4) to avoid the possibility of black students sitting in and blocking the elections. How would you characterize your relationship with Redmond and the other people with whom you've met?

**HARVEY:** In general, bullshit. He plays the type of game that school principals play--the good guy-bad guy game, with the assistant principal as the villain. When it comes down to anything real he just closes up shop.

Some of the other people have been surprising. We had a meeting with Mrs. Green, the oldest Negro member of the Board, who got to that level by pussyfooting and lollygagging around. Even she made some heartening statements.

We've been picking up more and more support. The Amundsen students came out for us, and called for either the removal of ROTC or its redirection into a course in guerilla warfare.

**SEED:** What kind of harrassment have UMOJA and yourself run into? Your security is really intense, what with locked doors and bodyguards.

**HARVEY:** We've had the normal type of thing with the Monday boycotts. There have been a few arrests and numerous ungrounded threats of arrest. For example, the principal at Kenwood charged that two leaders threatened her. There are 100 kids who will testify that the two were in the cafeteria at the time. There have also been threats about suspension for such stuff as truancy, even though the truancy law talks about three consecutive days, etc.

**SEED:** How about at the office?

**HARVEY:** (Laughing). Well, I'm tailed 12-15 hours a day. Then there are the bullet holes from the Convention and from about three weeks ago. Sometimes, the Man will sit outside and stare into the office, or he'll follow the students as they leave and interrogate them in the hope of scaring them off.

**SEED:** Where does UMOJA go from here? What are your plans?

**HARVEY:** We're going to play a little game of decentralization politics. Things will be left up to the students at their respective schools. They'll decide on how to best move. We'll continue with our central meetings.

**SEED:** What has been the organizational structure at each school?

**HARVEY:** All of the schools have Afro-American History Clubs, with a chairman and the whole bit. That's been our organizational core.

**SEED:** What activities go on at the center?

**HARVEY:** There's my office and the office of the Central Committee of the Afro-American Students Association. The Central Committee co-ordinates the activities of the Black Students Organization, which is a high school coalition, and the Black Students Congress, a college coalition with 14,000 members in the Chicago area.

We have our cultural events here. There are courses in African arts and crafts and our Simba Dogo--Little Lions--program. During the week we conduct courses in Swahili and Afro-American history for elementary school kids.

there was some joking about the money given to Charles Kenyatta and the Yuppies by the City of New York in the hope that they would keep things cool.

**HARVEY:** I'm happy. The test of a movement is the resolve of those in it. In January the students began to raise money with a May deadline for the securing of an office. The students raised \$2000, got supplies and manpower, and just did their thing. Seventeen people in the Central Committee keep a pledge of \$10 per month, which covers rent and lights. We're having concerts and benefits for other expenses.

**SEED:** (Noticing the taboo on smoking)

**HARVEY:** That's how it is throughout the building. We want our people to be as healthy as possible.

**SEED:** What was your opinion of the concept of the Republic of America as discussed at the Detroit conference?

**HARVEY:** Let me talk about the concept of outsiders. Yeah, that's what I want to talk about. The black community--there's no such thing. But there's definitely such a thing as a black colony striving to become a black nation, which includes the idea of black communities.

The concept is a good one, but it needs work. There's a need to develop a great consciousness of national impact. It can be an effective tactic if you take black colonies and treat them as separate nations, developing your own political, economic, military and educational institutions. You must create your own values. You have to create your own values. You have to localize the colony and begin to build your structures.

This type of organizing works in two ways. You have a greater effect on the United States by having groups spread across the country, and you have a greater chance to build by using available local resources.

This type of program demands a unity of mind rather than a unity of emotion. People must feel that they are building toward and contributing to the concept of nationhood.

**SEED:** How does this view fit in with the emergence of the black inner city?

**HARVEY:** Positively, but only if we can exploit the idea of control. In the Model Cities Program, you have a situation of "they develop, they control."

We're really part of something bigger than inner cities. I'm going to be making a public announcement in the near future calling black people to Tanzania to train for revolutionary war with Rhodesia, Mozambique, Angola and the other captive states of Africa. It's our land, and there should be a feedback to this country.

**SEED:** What contact have you had with Eldridge Cleaver?

**HARVEY:** I met him three years ago when he came to Chicago with Stokely Carmichael. They were both resource people in SNCC.

**SEED:** What do you think of the Cleaver-Rubin alliance?

**HARVEY:** I think that Rubin demonstrates where white youth needs to be going. I don't like the drugs and showmanship, but favor the idea of being a total revolutionary. We believe in the concept of revolutionary internationalism, which allows for allies in white nations.

**SEED:** Many white youths were curious as to why the black community didn't come into the streets during the Convention. What is your interpretation?

**HARVEY:** My opinion--and my opinion only--is that the black community has begun to approach a point of refinement. Less 'everybody in the streets', more planning. Communications have improved.

The black community seems as a whole to be divorcing itself from American politics.

**SEED:** Do you feel that black students are leader-oriental. Is there a pantheon of heroes?

**HARVEY:** Yes, they identify. Number one is undoubtedly Malcolm. Then there's a large gap before you come to the Panthers--but only on an emotional level is there a strong attachment. After that it's really localized. The students look to Vic Adams, Omar Aoki and Pemon Rami. Finally, young people still talk about Rap and Stokely.

**SEED:** And King?

**HARVEY:** Only the older people.

**SEED:** Perhaps one stereotype that the white community is guilty of is not looking to the simple and realizing that the "generation gap" isn't a Caucasian monopoly.

**HARVEY:** That's one.

**SEED:** A hypothetical and possibly ridiculous question: what America do you see ten years from now?

**HARVEY:** A communalistic America. I don't know who will run it--I don't even want to go that far. There has to be a world confrontation first, from which black people will emerge in a dominant position. There will be a breakdown of national borders. It will be a peaceful world, since all reasons for anything other than peace will be eliminated.

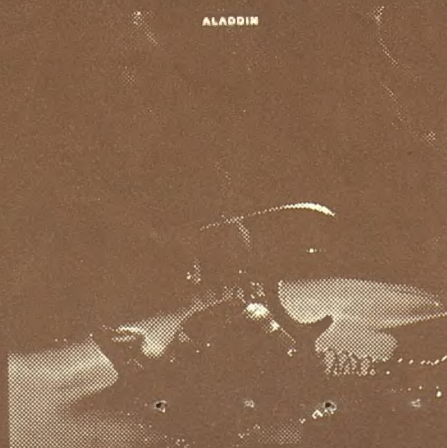




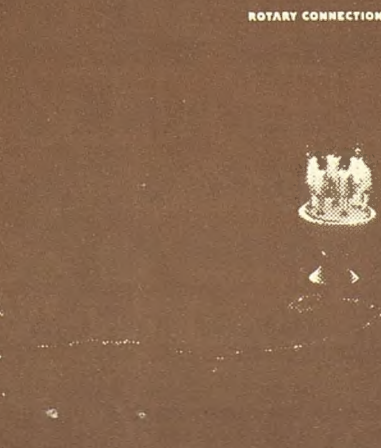
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## WELLS STREET

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No matter if it's summer, fall, winter or spring.

When nightfall comes you need a place to crash,  
You're liable to make use of any kind of pad,  
The heads continuously look for their acid, grass  
and hash,  
And, after it is consumed, they are all glad.

If you have nothing to do, just rap,  
The beautiful people will show an interest in who  
you are,  
Some express themselves with a simple zap,  
The hippies will understand here and afar.

So whether temporary or permanent, take leave of  
the establishment  
And finally say good-bye to that eternal frown.  
For there is always room for more dissent  
In that beautiful area, the haven of Old Town.  
Lee Murdock

Old Town is a neighborhood housing several species of human being. The 1900 and 1800 blocks are the refuge of the original Old-Towners, the beats and their sycophants of five and ten years ago. Rents are now high; the tenants are the economic cream of the protesters of the silent 50s. The 1700 block is the DMZ, the buffer between Old and freak. It's when you get as far south as Piper's Alley, largest of the three arcades fronting on Wells, that the much-ballyhooed youth culture, the siren that draws chartered buses and keeps the postcard people rich, begins to present itself. And the hub of the Midwest's methedrine Mecca, the artery of acid and grass, is none other than Wells Street.

#### WELLS STREET AS ENVIRONMENT:

Wells Street is a cyclic affair, a constant friction point between the merchants and their police-minions and the kids who call it literal and/or symbolic home. The merchants--for the most part--sell to tourists who in turn come to "look at the hippies." The merchants are schizophrenic: they hate the kids who block their doorways and use drugs and sometimes call their customers names and sell obscene underground papers, yet they live in mortal dread of the day when the kids fade and the dark spectre of St. Louis' Gaslight Square becomes the street's reality. Some of them have been known to freak out (remember the May purge and the answering "Bust-In"), some, the more intelligent (or are they the more affluent, the land-lord-proprietors who don't go through daily changes) have sponsored craft-ins and tried to aid the community in anything that would engage it in constructive (read off-the-street and out-of-the-way) activities.

Of the 130 business establishments that run from the alley on the north to Little Las Vegas on the south (color the rest ghetto), few have anything to offer drop-out youth. They can be broken down into:

Booze and tits-&-ass-----	23	Restaurants& snack shops-----	13
Bric-a-brac & furniture-----	29	Poster shops-----	4
Plastic clothes---	13	Art Galleries-----	3
Crap (IBM, Rip- ley's, etc.)-----	23	Book stores-----	4
Special crap, (wigs)-----	3	Record stores-----	3
Factories-----	2	"hip" clothiers-----	2
		Motorcycles-----	1
		Leather shops-----	1
		Jazz & folk-----	1
		Rock-----	1
		Theater-----	1
		Undergd. films-----	1
Total-----	93	Total-----	37

While the above list is obviously subjective (is the Hot Dog stand in Maiden Lane "better" than Antonio's), it should be apparent that the working criterion is not how much a place grosses a night but whether or not street people frequent it. In fact, if we restrict ourselves to the resident freaks, a good number of "favorable" stores fall by the suburban-in-for-the-night wayside. Realize that since Headland and Mother Blues closed there are perhaps perhaps--three places that have any number of regulars in attendance. Unlike Lincoln-Fullerton, with its Head Imports and Alice's and Feed Store and Three Penny Cinema; unlike Rogers Park, with its Resistance and Four Heads; unlike Hyde Park, with its Boulevard and the University complex, Wells Street is a place without a structured haven. There's nowhere to go unless you know someone with a crib. This explains the pecking order among the street people--it's the guy with a place to crash who does best with the chickies, who gets free dope and a rep in the community as a solid cat. Yet the merchants bitch on about the "stoop problem", insensitive to the average kid's financial status and social desires.

Enough for analysis. It's Sunday in the Stagecoach with three people who've lived on and in the street for more than a year, who've witnessed the decline and fall of good vibes and the coming of the House of Horrors. (parenthetical remarks are mine)

Drugs--Said Bill, a 25-year-old activist: "Most of the street dealers are either maintaining or splitting for the winter. As usual, you have the speed freaks and the acid-grass people living separate lives. There's not much grass, no big acid cops are happening, but the quality of both is up.

"There are a lot more people dealing, and a lot more burn artists around. Maybe it's because so many more people are doing crystal."

The heat--"Most of the old detail, including Sarge (Marty Beutguen, who made headlines for his "co-operative" approach to policing the street) and the roly-polies, have been transferred. The new cops hassled a bit after the Convention, but things are cooler now and you can sit on a stoop without being put through changes.

"For the most part, the plain-clothesmen have been cool (perhaps because the "runaway problem" is proportional to the temperature)."

The Blacks--Wells Street south of North Avenue is bordered on the west by a ghetto. At one time, many people feared that its residents would vent their wrath on the alien, brightly-lit circus to the east. For the last six months, more and more blacks, primarily psychedelized and Afro types, have been spending time on the street. Bill says:

"Things have gotten better since the summer. There's more friendliness, more getting together. A lot of freaks were disappointed that the spades didn't come out during the Convention."



The Convention aftermath--There's been a definite shift since the Convention. A lot of kids are concerned with Revolution. It's heaviest amongst the younger kids. People are rapping, people are thinking about projects."

Communes--"There are really none left. The Man makes them impossible, or speed and acid clash." Bill told how, when he last had a place on the street the members of his commune were busted on a plant. He added philosophically, "But we lived there seven months and were only busted twice."

Bread--"Everybody's panhandling, and a lot of people are dealing.

Chicks--"It's cool.", said Bill.

Linda and Anne--"It's really a hassle going out at night and having everyone come on to you."

#### THE FUTURE:

The street seems to be dying. Bill and many others envision a diaspora, with people moving north to neighborhoods where the police are not omnipresent and small groups can do whatever they're into without having to contend without having to contend with the frantic carnival atmosphere of the street. Bill's summation was: "People are getting a bit disgusted. But they aren't sure where else to go." Perhaps it's the fear of being put on the Great Society's bummers once you split from the pack; perhaps it's the idea that, whatever the street has become, it remains a highly visible place to run around with other freaks and turn on teeny-bops who are now coming down for more than posters. Wells Street remains important as a recognized center for people to home to, but a lot of kids seem to have "over-reacted", and the more together ones are muttering about how much they used to read or how school might help them to draw better, etc.

People in scenes such as Wells Street tend to register a higher degree of anxiety, depression and anomie than the troopers of the straight world. Psychiatrists see this as a beacon warning of potential psychosis, radicals view it as the price to be paid for foraging in uncharted areas in search of a new life style. Meanwhile, the Titan continues to devour its youthful dieties. It may be too late for the actuality of Wells Street; let the following poem stand for its metaphor.

Abraham Peck

"Elegy 17--Power Flower

For the American Dream Again"

Let them alone, let the lovers stay  
in the gardens tonight, here let them play  
till the dew and the moon turn fields to whey  
and the night birds nod and dark trees sway  
and the wind from the water is slow as death,  
let them intermingle bodies and breath  
for the lion's hunger finds flowers lean:  
by morning the sun will have bones to glean.  
What do you think good intentions mean?

Our nightmares have murdered the lovers who dream  
and the children who knit to unravel the scheme  
of the fabric that covers the bodies in shrouds:  
for what power dictates the crowd applauds.  
We are closer to wild animals now than to gods.

Brian D. Boyer





# HIPNOMAS

**QUESTION:** I have been taking certain types of speed, notably methamphetamine (Methedrine) and amphetamine (Benzedrine). Along with the obvious appetite loss and sleep loss, I have experienced a dull pain that seems to come from beneath my sternum (breastbone).

This only appears while the speed is in effect. Maybe you could give me some advice about this.

**ANSWER:** If you have not had a medical examination recently, you should have one soon. One of the effects of amphetamines is to increase the heart rate and blood pressure. The pain you feel while on amphetamines may very well be coming from your heart.

**QUESTION:** My physician accepts the theory that one should go off birth control pills every four years in order to prevent future difficulties in pregnancy.

Since I hope to have my first baby in around two years, but don't want to go off contraceptive pills, I'd like to know what evidence supports this theory.

**Answer:** Because birth control pills have been used clinically only for the past ten years, many physicians take their patients off the pills at periodic intervals as a precautionary measure. Time limits on the use of birth control pills had been recommended by the manufacturers and the U.S. Food and Drug Administration until recently, but no adverse effects from long-term use of "the pill" have yet been discovered.

**Question:** I am a 17 year old boy living with my parents in a small town. I have been hearing and reading quite a bit about THC. Since it's still legal (ed. note--no longer), it would be a boon to us small-townners who want to turn on but are missed by any drug traffic.

Where can I get some THC?

**Answer:** THC, or tetrahydrocannabinol, is thought to be the active ingredient of marijuana. Because the synthesis of this drug is so complicated and expensive, any "THC" sold on the black market is almost surely not synthetic marijuana.

Capsules of a drug said to be THC and selling for \$1.50 each were recently collected in the Haight and analyzed in the Pharmacology laboratories of the University of California. The capsules were found to contain not THC but a sedative used for treating animals.

Most dealers know little about the purity of the drugs they sell. The most widely known underground (al)chemist believes that a dealer with any feelings at all will use the drug on himself first before selling it to others.

The establishment has no monopoly on dishonesty--though they've more than their share of the market.

**QUESTION:** I have a question to ask which has been worrying me.

Saturday night I made a 1000 microgram trip on white only (sic) and Sunday I made a trip on THC. This morning I woke up with my period. I'm always on time and I didn't expect it for ten more days. Could the acid be the reason for it? Do you think it has affected my system? This was only the fourth time I made acid.

**Answer:** Irregular periods are common during adolescence and at times of emotional stress. Many female readers have reported that drug usage has caused changes in their menstrual cycles. The cause is unknown. Perhaps it's the direct effect of the drug or the drugs may act indirectly by changing the female's emotional state. Almost always these are temporary changes.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 9002, Berkeley, California 94719.

# QUINCY

Quincy (population 50,000), baby-town in western Illinois, comes on like a tired Raymond Burr. Mark Twain grew up nearby, so there are a lot of white picket fences. Quincy College is here, but it's boring, suburban and hang-up on beer parties. Neighborly place. Home-spun. Farmer friendly. Wallace country.

Wallace bumper stickers run ten to one over anyone else. Prejudice thrives down here--blacks are kept huddled on the west side and make occasional guest appearances on the city basketball team. No freak community to speak of; Daley's Convention lives only in Time and Newsweek.

Enter King George of Alabama on October 28th for a speech in the area, expecting strong rural support and no sandals to autograph. But lethargic Quincy College shocks his ass off with over 200 seig-heiling students at the airport, out-shouting an equal number of pro-Wallace Americans. We scared George by talking the same shit they yell up north. Cheers, applause. "Let's hear it for the good guys."

The town freaks. First serious demonstration by the little college. Freak of town ends. Students begin to feel pressure from the powerful and influential Wallace people. First, a news blackout of the demonstration by the ABC affiliate on both TV and radio. The local newspaper plays down facts and figures and editorializes against the "crude generation." Hundreds of phone calls to college administrators demanding a public apology from the college. And--no shit--an attempt to organize "these righteous Americans" into a vigilante squad to track down the demonstrators.

I'm happy. Quincy College students are now more militant and ready to start to move. Now meetings are organized to get it all together. Blacks are "dashiki-ing it" and proudly shoving that fist in the air. Watch your local newspaper for what happens to the town.

Thank you, George.

Mississipp'



## CASS ELLIOT

JUST ONE OF  
THE IMPRESSORS  
ON DUNHILL

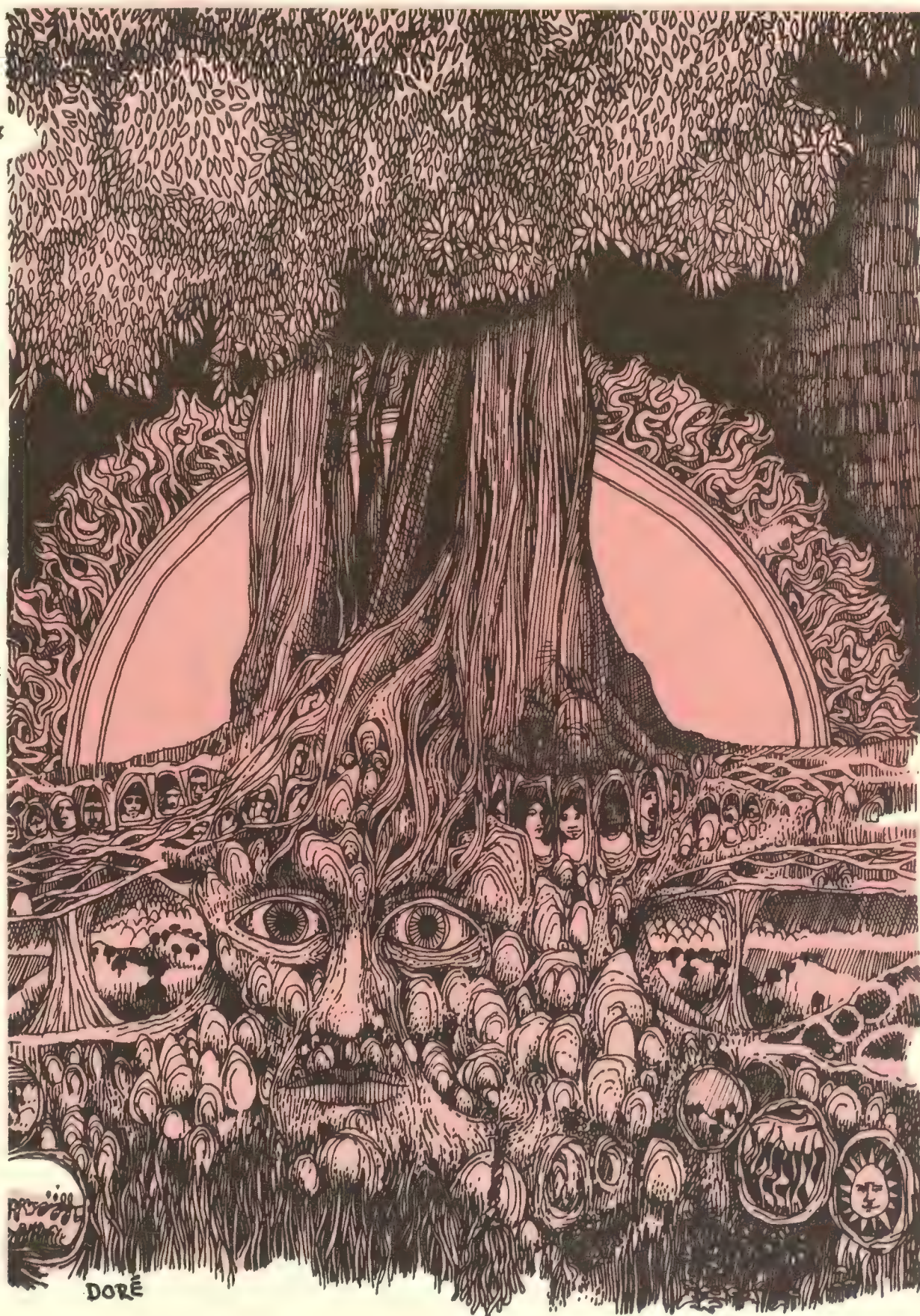


AND HEAVY



Verily Verily Verily  
Great anarchist one of  
small images  
art creating a meaning for itself  
in revolution

Verily  
Pendulum  
swing around  
toward a many-sided  
long thought  
miles reaching  
end of epochs and  
small children and  
larger adults  
Verily  
Swinging swinging  
forever and never reaching  
an end or beginning  
lengthening repetition  
Verily  
A great ashcan of  
prosperity  
has come  
from many fields  
of anguished men  
and risen to  
take over what is  
now  
prosperity  
enriching life  
which  
still contains maintains  
a stream of goodness  
in light and sound  
Verily Verily  
not crossing into  
but awakening new lands  
promising old ones  
reaching for quieter  
ones  
Verily  
As the Orientalists  
rose in their enlightenment  
so shall we seek to fulfill  
our  
arrangements  
Verily Verily Verily



There is for us our  
free verse  
a total sound with  
a form that is  
free  
unto itself  
a  
cascade or eruptive  
power and  
mood  
Verily

I have angered many friends  
and quieted many enemies  
I have walked on great feet  
to lands  
of many  
sides  
Verily Verily  
I have beheld many sights and  
watched too many  
trepan

Verily Verily Verily  
Mother of many and lover of none  
reach into your own  
wounded womb  
Cry out unto many  
men  
of hunger and sweat and tears  
lost  
in a slum  
of antiquity  
a sorrow  
a flowing  
of repetition  
Verily Verily

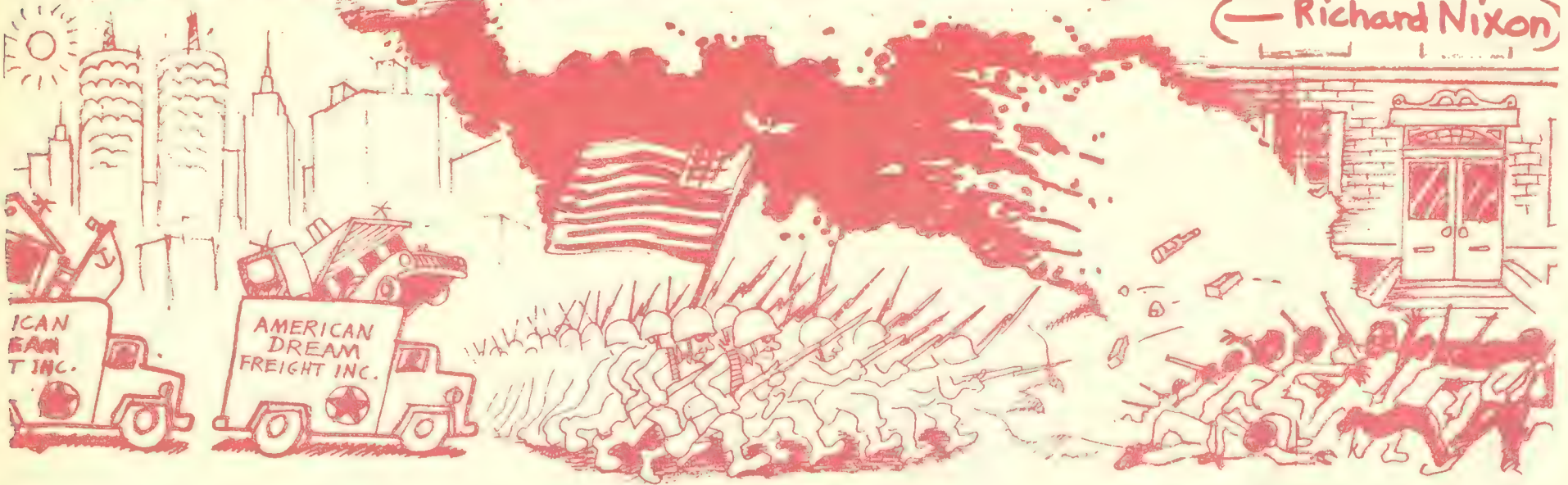
Reveal thyself unto  
each other  
meet the you you  
never  
knew you  
knew  
before and the never  
reaching attainment  
Verily Verily Verily.

Donna Swarat



"...We must take the warnings to heart and prepare to meet force with force if necessary. But on the other hand we must move ... to bring the American Dream to the ghetto."

(— Richard Nixon)



Our wildest fantasies have become realities, and in the process fantasy has become irrelevant. The fantasy of "Wild in the Streets" pales before the reality of Paris and Chicago, and the wildest dreams of science fiction authors pale before the realities of life in 1968. Fantasy is in the streets. Anyone still writing fantasies, or dreaming fantasies, has been left behind by history.

Television's attempt at "escape fiction" called "Mod Squad" is dead, as dead as the generation of mystery hacks that produced it. 'Let's do a hippie bit with cops and robbers.' Their attempt falls flat in the face of a reality so much more brilliant and dangerous that it swallows them like a void. The media wants to be a cop and imagine a reality in which being a cop is good, just as Nixon wants the American people to accept his view of reality, in which being Nixon is good. The mark is now held up as the image for the American public to identify with and aspire to be. In order to do this, reality must be twisted out of shape, and a great number of lies must be told. "Mod Squad" justifies the existence of the mark, holds him up as a shining example in its perverted view of the universe, and on a weekly basis defines our community. But just as we would cut the throat of the unwary mark, we must cut the throat of "Mod Squad," confronting dead fantasy with fantastic reality. WE DEMAND AN END TO THIS SHIT.

#### MEANS:

1. Find out who the sponsors are. Sponsors get very upset over adverse mail. It would probably be best to acquire an identity as a very uptight little old lady or little old man and pick on things like too much sex or long hair or slangy language to complain about. This will be closest to where the sponsors are at. About 50 such letters would have them shitting in their pants.
2. Find out the names and addresses of the president and board of directors of the sponsoring firm. Send them all personal letters. Picket their homes. Leaflet the workers at their factory. Encourage a strike. Send the company execs impressive looking letters from Citizens Decency groups announcing a boycott of their products unless the show is removed from the air.
3. Circulate petitions at your local college asking for removal of the show. One copy to sponsor, one to network. Two thousand should panic 'em.
4. Barge into the offices of the network and demand to see the president. Leaflet the employees, dispensing a lot of healthy information on dope and politics. Demand that the network replace "Mod Squad" with a Marijuana Hour hosted by the local freaks.
5. Find out who is the producer of the show. After you get thrown out of the president's office, come

back the next day and demand to see the producer. Make the same demands of him.

T. V. people like to talk in a very slick, jivey style. Have someone in your group who can talk like that just in case you actually get to see somebody.

5. Behave super-straight, straight, and liberal-straight in the mail and like a normal crazy mother-fucker in personal confrontations. They'll think it's a whole cross-section of the population.

6. Get the home phone numbers of key people. Keep calling them on the phone. Invite yourself and a few hundred friends to a private party the network president is having.

7. If all else fails, we would never advocate disruption of the transmission. Transmitting equipment is very expensive. We would not even advocate tearing into the executive offices every week as the show is being broadcast and screaming obscenities, taking off your clothes, and demanding that it be removed from the air immediately. We would never advocate that.

6th St. Surrealists  
New York City

PS We had a ball in Chicago this August. Love to Mayor Daley.

## NEIGHBORHOOD CAPERS

YEP, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY ON MACDOUGAL STREET AN' THE WHOLE GANG IS OUTSIDE CONTEMPLATIN' NATURE AN' HAVIN' A BALL. POOR LITTLE MICKEY GILHOOLEY AINT GOIN' OUT TODAY, THOUGH. YUH WANNA KNOW WHY? WELL I'LL TELL YA TH' TRUTH. HIS MAW CAUGHT HIM MESSIN' AROUND, AN' NOW SHE WON'T LET OL' MICKEY GO OUT FER A WEEK. IS HIS FACE RED !!!





# EGO TRIP

# EGO TRIP

The "Response" show of paintings, graphics, collage, constructions, sculpture and photography (both still and movie) was the Chicago art world's official reaction to the events of Yipple week. Too unwieldy for one gallery, it was held in some ten or twelve, five of which I was able to get to (thanks to the kindness of Mrs. Phyllis Ronser, who gave me a ticket--\$2.50 a head seemed a trifle steep for the privilege of looking at second-hand events, but I'm a noted cheapskate and the bread did go to ACLU).

The Feigen Gallery had the biggest names, the Rosner Gallery for Student Artists the most gutsy work, and Lo Guidic Gallery a slide show which made all the constructions, paintings, etc. (Daley as Pig, Daley Disemboweled, Daley on a Platter, Daley in Strips) look like fun and games. Not that the artwork (God, I hate that word!) wasn't fine stuff-by and large-but Daley as Photograph, Daley as Reality was more sinister and hateful than any other image anyone could come up with.

The artists who came closest to the reality of that week were for the most part the students at Rosner. Probably a good many of them were out there getting their lumps, and all of them had friends who confronted the Power of the Pig. The big name artists--and some were really Big Names, New York International Establishment people--seemed just a trifle removed (yes, I know about Claes Oldenburg getting clobbered, but his drawing of Daley's head on a plate seemed hasty. Now, a nice seven-foot-high Soft Daley of kapok-filled vinyl...)

Several galleries (Pro Graphica Arte, for example) brought out all their old Kathe Kollwitz and George Grosz and Goya stuff. Perhaps not an immediate Chicagoan response, but a good reminder that this August wasn't the first time and won't be the last, so why is everyone so shook? Just what our brothers have been telling us for years...

Altogether a good show, and a gladdening sight to see how crowded it was. I guess that when you want to stage a Social Protest, the way to make it work is to sell tickets at \$2.50 each...but I guess it's too much to hope that everybody who went learned something.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Meanwhile, back at the Gallery Bugs Bunny (that's right), a more modest show is up: Surrealist art, or so it's advertised. Our own Lester Dore is (minimally) represented; Franklin and Penelope Rosemont have some fine work; but the main interest lies in the graphics and constructions (sculptures? machines?) of Robert Green. Really fine, and this show costs only 50¢. It's political message is a lot more indirect, and hence a good deal more effective. Fall by--it's at the corner of Mohawk and Eugene.

I'm not sure what this has to do with art, but it has a lot to do with the

conditions that make for protest. I'm sure you know all about the court fight that black teachers are waging against the Board of Education in order to make the certification requirements more equitable. If you don't: it seems that there are three kinds of teachers in Chicago public schools: provisionals (about whom more in a minute); FTB's, or full-time basis; and certified. A teacher can have all the education requirements and be teaching for years as an FTB, but he has to pass a written and an oral exam in order to become certified (and get more pay and job security). The written exams have been passed by virtually all the FTBs who've taken them; the orals have been passed by very few, the majority of them white. Failures have been handed out on such grounds as: "too fat", "wrong attitude", "speech too ethnic". If anyone complains, he usually finds himself flunking his orals over and over; he can be bumped from his job by a certified teacher at any time; and things can be made very unpleasant.

So much for FTBs. As to the provisionals--these were people who lack the requisite number of education courses to become FTBs, but who were recruited from colleges and the general public during the past two years in order to provide some sort of manpower, especially in the inner city schools. Since this is a draft-exempt project involving federal funds, the provisionals include a large number of really good radical young people--just the thing to throw into the slum schools.

These people have also been given the shaft by the Board. They were recruited on the basis of guaranteed work (and God knows there is plenty of work to be done) and (after taking ed courses) eventual progression to the rank of FTB. Not three weeks after school started, half of the provisionals were laid off with no explanation. The ones who have been rehired are now day-to-day substitutes with absolutely no assurance of work--some guys have worked only two or three days a week since the big layoff.

Now there appears to be a move on the Board's part to set the provisionals and the FTBs against each other; the black FTBs have been threatened by the possibility of being set aside in favor of white provisionals, and they are mad to the point of thinking of the provs. as nothing more than white draft-dodgers. So, while all factions get into a big hassle, the Board can go along with the same old discriminatory practices.

The provisionals had a meeting on November 3rd with representatives of the teachers' union (CTU). Plans are to get the provisionals in the union on a group basis (some have already joined as individuals) so a united front can be posed against the divisive forces of the Board. Somewhere, somehow, somebody's going to show that bunch of Daley appointees that teachers are going to teach rather than waste their energy in manufactured squabbling.

Val Walker

## Kali Baku takes the forest children on a journey of COSMIC REMEMBRANCE



In ballad and verse, Kali tunes in a delightful, whimsical world of fantasy.

And slips into the transparent land of wide-eyed forest children, including: Leprechauns, dwarfs, witches, warlocks, gremlins, gnomes and trolls.





# ROMEO AND JULIET ARE ALIVE

Franco Zeffirelli's film of "Romeo and Juliet" is possibly the finest ever made of a Shakespeare play. I say "possibly" because they have been making films of Shakespeare's plays since 1899, and I have not seen them all.

The main characters are alive. Romeo and Juliet are as young as Shakespeare imagined them to be. They are persons rather than poses adopted for the purpose of reciting beautiful verse. If you just want beautiful language elegantly pronounced in a modern British accent that Shakespeare never heard, you can see Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet" or Laurence Harvey's "Romeo". However, neither of the films has much to recommend it aside from faultless declamatory readings and visual splendor. "Class, this film was actually made in Verona, Italy. Note the early Renaissance baptistry..."

As the characters are alive to us, we naturally begin to identify with them. Zeffirelli has Romeo first appear with a flower in his hand. It was greeted with elderly bemusement by some in the audience. Why not a flower in his hand? One can justify this by the Petrarchan influence revealed in the play's images, as well as by the result of Romeo's melancholy consideration of love.

Some critics found the teenage gang staging too far from Shakespeare's conception of the Montagues and the Capulets and too close to "West Side Story." But Shakespeare's Mercutio and Tybalt were adolescents, adolescents looking for a fight. There was no pragmatic reason given in the play for the houses to be in conflict, except an "ancient grudge" mentioned only in the prologue. The only plausibility for the confrontation is youthful aggression. "Go bite your thumb!"

I suppose you can argue that the fight in the marketplace and the battle between Romeo and Tybalt are too drawn out and detract from the main concern. You might also claim that the balcony scene has Romeo too often literally climbing the walls to the detriment of the delivery of his lines and the poignancy of the moment. But these criticisms are minor. In any case, much less of this sort of stage business is done in Zeffirelli's production than in Welles' "Falstaff", a film that sacrifices the subtlety of character to the energy of plot (but still remains a good film).

Secondly, the plot is alive. Why bother to stress the effect of "star-crossed lovers"? Zeffirelli chooses to cut out some of the play's emphasis on fate and chance. Was the death of Paris, Juliet's fiancé, due to anything but chance in Shakespeare's play? Zeffirelli cuts it. Granted, Zeffirelli cuts too much in not letting us know how Romeo obtains the poison for his suicide. Also, this apothecary scene dramatized Romeo's state of mind before the reception of the news of Juliet's death. But Zeffirelli's clever use of the camera has already prepared us for a sad, suicidal Romeo. After the sexual heights of Romeo's parting with Juliet, impressed upon the audience by the camera at dawn's first light, we know any normal stud would be depressed. When we see Romeo lounging against a wall in Mantua with nothing to do, therefore, we can anticipate his suicide. If the author of "Romeo and Juliet" was

anybody other than Shakespeare—for example, Thomas Hardy—the majority of critics would long ago have condemned the play's dependence for its tragedy upon fate instead of upon the characters.

Thirdly, Zeffirelli's emphasis upon youth has clarified certain characterizations. Mercutio, Romeo's good friend, has always been a problem. On the one hand, he is a refined courtier making witty puns (now several hundred years out of date) and giving forth with the wild poetry of the Queen Mab speech. On the other, he is a tough street fighter. If you play him as a courtly fop, you have a hard time bringing out the street fighter. But if you play him as a near-madman, an adolescent bursting with repressed sexuality and creativity, the character will work—as Zeffirelli proves.

And why should the nurse, who has been running all over Verona to get Romeo and Juliet together, decide all of a sudden that Juliet might as well marry Paris? Because the nurse has seen husbands come and go. She is not to be trusted anymore in genuine affairs of the heart because she has had too many banal experiences with men. When this kind of woman is over her first love, let alone over 30, she cannot be trusted. She probably has as much depth in her relationships (even the first one) as the giggling girls from the suburbs who crackled cellophane wrappers during the first half of the film and cried at the end of it.

If you want to see a Shakespeare play with people instead of theatrical conventions, see Zeffirelli's production. If you want to see a Shakespeare play cut as the mature Shakespeare would probably have cut it, see Zeffirelli's production. If you want to see a valid modern interpretation of "Romeo and Juliet" see Zeffirelli's production.

Umberto B

"Romeo and Juliet" is currently playing at the Carnegie Theater.

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## The Electric Theatre Company



cont. from page 3

troops. And President Pig, fun-loving sort that he is, has asked us to join the parade. So they'll be Viet Cong and peace-marchers and veterans of Chicago and Berkeley and Selma and Whitehall and Grand Central Station and Madison and 1000 other campaigns of our nation's great history. It'll be reunion day. You'll meet the chick that you balled at the Pentagon, you'll wave to the guy who daubed the tear gas from your eyes at Century City. You may even witness a re-enactment of the 1814 pageant, complete with redcoats and torches.

So kids, begin to make your plans. Watch our Washington page for information on what groups are planning activities, on who's taking care of bus charters and car pools and other preliminaries. Let us know what your group is planning, and whether the other kids in the class can come with or help out.

We'll all be there: peaceniks and anarchists and McCarthyites and Trotskyites and dopers and commune people. We'll all be there, whether it's apocalypse or resurrection. We're going to stow our rolling papers and leaflets and spikes and placards and plan for whatever needs to be done. On January 20th we won't need to drop acid, because we could be going on the biggest trip of all.



## SITAR FROM INDIA

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## "LAWN ORDA"

"Law and Disorder: The Chicago Convention and It's Aftermath," Donald Myrus, ed.

"In Chicago, the basic rights of free assembly, speech and press were challenged in the streets and parks by policemen and military troops with clubs and tear gas, while in the Amphitheater the credibility of the convention process was badly shaken by oppressive security measures. "Law and Disorder" tells the story of the Chicago Convention as it was seen... by those who felt or saw the aspirations and fear and who are disturbed about what the Chicago experience means to the continuation of American democracy."

So reads the preface to this 64-page magazine compiled by a group of concerned liberal and radical journalists. Twenty-four articles and a number of excellent photographs and cartoons serve as an effective refutation to the pabulum of the Daley White Paper and the insipid "What Trees Do They Plant?" The verbal material ranges from Nelson Algren's City On The Make" to a discussion between Huntly, Brinkly and friends to a statement by the Great Uninvolved, Hugh Hefner, about the need for going into the real world. Overviews, eyewitness reports, material on "the citizens and the police", media, and the future. It costs \$1, it's available at most bookstores (probably not in Bridgeport), the proceeds go to Illinois ACLU. Buy it, lest you forget.

Abe

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# TWELVE BAR

For the past nine months I have worked in the field of "underground media." I've now come to the point where I would like to make some observations on where we're at and where we might be at.

The underground has taken forms of art and media into new directions which have proved to be of great social value. We (producers and readers) are experiencing what I call twelve bar media. Twelve bar media can be explained by using the field of music for the necessary allegories. Example--I read somewhere that Eric Clapton left John Mayall b/c he felt that you become very proficient at what you do and then must go off into new directions with the experience you have accumulated. On one hand, we have Mayall, B. B. King and other (relative) purists, on the other we have their projections: Clapton, Hendrix, et al.

If we employ the same analysis (?) with newspapers we see the L. A. Free Press, the Seed, EVO, etc., but find nothing when we look for their projections. We have nothing but the same restrictive forms, nothing but X number of pages with an occasional colour splash. Newspapers, when compared with other forms of media, are restrictive in a creative sense.

Look at the paper you are now reading. Turn the pages--right there a change can be made. Take X pages and roll them into a tube. Now read the paper, but instead of turning pages, use scissors and tape to arrange the pages into a continuous scroll. Think about the potential effect if the paper was laid out with such a flow pattern in mind (see poster page in Volume II, #12 for an alternate example).

Back to music. What we used to see would be X number of performers dressed in the same outfits. Now each performer is into his own style of threads--but all newspapers come the same way. Why not a paper in a can, with copy following shape? We have witnessed musical fusions, such as Gary Burton jazz cat playing vibes and Larry Coryell rock guitarist accompanying him. Where is this kind of eclecticism in newspapers?

Another important concept is participation between reader and writer, an intercourse. Perhaps colour slides or 8mm film could bridge the gap that now exists. Include tapes of music and rapping. Media is a social force, media can turn people on, multi-media leads to multi-involvement. Picture a 32 page glossy magazine with slides and tapes in the form of cut-out puzzles that the formerly passive reader (is this word now enough) has to put together. Some might think it a drag to go through changes before "reading the news", others (the more turned on) would really have FUN. The closest thing to this kind of presentation isn't even an underground paper, but the magazine Aspen.

Are people ready for this mode? People have to be made ready. You don't turn people on by saying "would you like to be turned on." Marconi didn't run a public opinion poll while he was working on the radio. You have to do it and then wait for the mind fuck to set in, wait for the thinking processes to kick in.

The possibility of floppo are great, but enough experimentation, sweat and toil could make it happen. If anyone would care to invest about \$50,000 into the chromosomal dreams of an outrageous freak, feel free to contact me at the Seed.

Walrus

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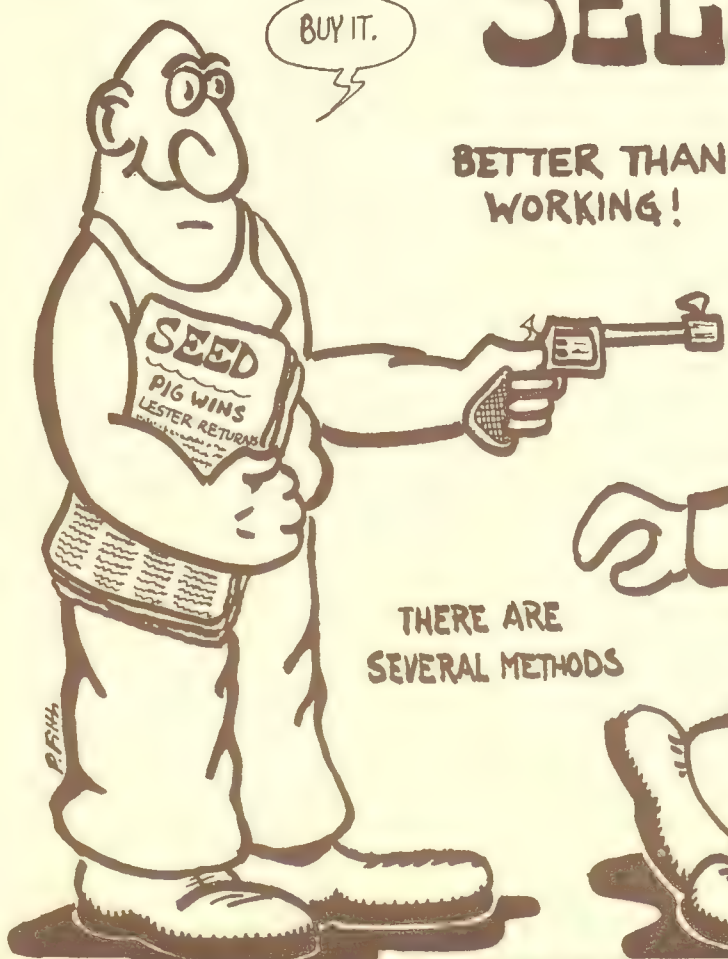
RICHIE HAVENS, JEFF BECK, TEN YEARS AFTER,  
THE WHO, T. RAVEL, MUDDY WATERS & B. B. KING

#### \*\*\*\*\* A Note To Subscribers\*\*\*\*\*

Many of our subscribers have sent us nasty letters complaining about not receiving their SEED. We have transferred over to a new addressograph that uses metal plates etc. On this plate and on your SEED after your name you will see a set of numbers. These numbers are the Vol. and issue no. of the first SEED you received. If it says Vol. 1#2 that means your sub has expired as of this issue and time to renew. Some of you send in subs. and don't receive an issue for maybe three weeks. Don't think that you have been ripped off, but that the plate is being made. I would like to apologize to those who sent in subs during the months of August and Sept. and had to wait so long but riots are riots and the Revolution comes first. If you have missed issues send a nice letter to Walrus and then wait a couple of weeks and you shall receive the issues you missed. We hope that in the future we can avoid these hassales. To those who have change of address, send in the new address at least two weeks in advance so as not to miss an issue. "Walrus"

## F. HAMMOCKS SEZ...

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cont. from page 3

what-is-done-to-the-Viet-Cong-is done to us (And what is done by the Viet Cong is done by us?) Che lives. (But have you ever had to decide who dies? He had to. Lovely smile though). Dixon-of-Dock Green-equals-Heinrich-Himmler. In this mish-mash of generalised emotion, realities drown. The murderous complications of politics become elementary photographs, the photographs become trendy wallpaper, and everyone who is anyone can feel involved, even (especially) those who haven't the imagination to realise that other people's pain hurts.

And meanwhile the extension of liberty in these islands is curtailed and its very preservation threatened by the growing disinclination of the infected young to commit themselves to the choices between evils, the long second thoughts and the necessary boredom vital to liberty. Instead of rights we are offered Love. Love, that magic word whose manic propagation among this generation is Hollywood's final triumph. As if the guaranteeing of personal liberty against abstracted emotion were not the whole of politics in the modern age!

But of course none of this 'Love' garbage could work for a minute without a great deal of equally polarised Hate, which we see venomously directed at handy symbols like the bourgeoisie (the custodian of civilisation in Europe), liberals (we name no names because we know so few), and regular politicians up or down to and including Johnson. It never occurs to people who cartoon politics in this way that they are in fact succumbing to the mental corrosion spread into space and time by the two chief tyrannies of this century. Let me make this point once more... before I turn to our second topic of the evening: there is only one tradition of thought,

that tradition is the liberal-humanist tradition and there can be no simplification of it which is not a distortion.

As to "phoney culture", I need add very little to what I first argued. It seems possible that the Underground is already shaking itself free from its first chaotic democracy (in which everyone is "talented") and evolving towards the realities of art, which, as some of your sweet helpless people have doubtless already realized, means some people being more talented than others. But the cultural ambition of Underground people as a whole remains villainous low, and can be raised only when it is

realised that no alternative culture is possible. An alternative society is at least a proposition, but an alternative culture is not even a notion. There is only one culture, in which the unique is added to the unique, and to become aware of its eternal laws is a necessary step in realising that life is not a fairy story. A work of art comes out of the alone on its way to the universal and during its passage through the brain of the poor bastard fingered to be its creator he receives a forcible reminder that "self-expression" is strictly for children. Art is individual, but it is not personalised, and has very little to do with happiness. The Underground, expressing itself compulsively, has come up with some styles of dress, a few good ways to decorate the walls, some tricks with lights and some copy-cat graphics: kid-stuff mainly, and fair enough, since most of its members, by the long time-scale of the artistic life, are children still.

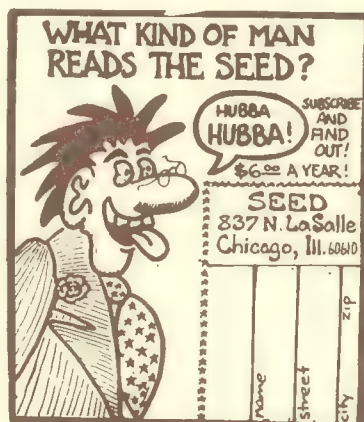
The true significance of the Underground is as a political movement and political movements are not in themselves creative--all they can create is the possibility for creation.

And after all this, am I basically for or against? Basically for: and will remain so until the point when the Underground goes irrational by conviction. The point is not yet, but it could come. Every bad poem, Zen epigram and brutal paragraph brings it nearer.

Clive James

Penbroke College

The above is reprinted from the English monthly OZ. Form your own refutations.



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## FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MIRROR

We look at them, their fat, sagging bellies, hard faces, tight lips, and we despair. It is logical in our eyes that they should have supported Wallace, for they are ugly and Wallace is ugly and we are beautiful and gentle and want to do nothing more than love everyone in the rising of each sun. We look at them and the conclusion is quickly reached that they will never change. They will always be filled with resentments, fears, and hates. And having so concluded, we end our examination and analysis of them and prepare to wait for more propitious times.

It is difficult to be a revolutionary, for to be a revolutionary means to believe in the innate goodness of man and it is to know that man in this environment has been programmed into non-man. Our job is to change the environment so that man can be Man.

It is particularly difficult to be a revolutionary at a time when man's capacity for infinite evil is being unleashed. But the job yet remains to look into those faces and to remember that they do not have control of their lives, either. They are the victims, also, and must be made to realize it. Perhaps that is not a task we can do. A well paid, well fed, well housed and clothed victim is quite often willing to accept his state as long as he is well rewarded. But even if they are as yet unable to recognize their condition, we must not forget what it is. Even if we have to regard them as the enemy, we must not forget that they, too, are victims.

All too often, though, we confuse the deed with the deed and think that they are one and the same. It is the deed we must hate, not the deed of the deed. The policeman acts like a beast, but to call him a beast, a "pig", is only to negate the potential of man that is within him. We must learn that attitude which is exemplified in Cuba and North Vietnam, where any person you meet will say, "We do not hate the American people. The people are our friends. We hate the American government." The Vietnamese and Cuban people welcome Americans to their country, while the one country is fighting for its life against America and the other exists under the constant threat of annihilation. To yell "Fascist!" at a Wallace supporter is only to guarantee that that individual will be a fascist.

None of us were born revolutionaries. Therefore, if we have found within ourselves the capacity to change, we must acknowledge that everyone else has the capacity to change. Once we acknowledge this, we must then begin to live and act as if we believe it. The Cuban rebel army would attend to the wounded enemy soldiers after each battle, for Fidel recognized that the man he had just shot

should be a revolutionary. And imagine the shock of the wounded soldier as he had his wound bandaged by those whom he had just been trying to kill. What manner of men were these? They were revolutionaries. The new men.

People will be changed as much by our words as by our actions. Mao's Red Army converted many peasants to their side because this was an army that did not come into a village and steal the crops and rape the women. It paid the peasant for whatever food was taken and respected each and every peasant. The men in the Red Army were different than the men in the uniforms of the Koumintang and it was because they were different that the fears of the peasant were destroyed.

Because the style of our movement has been determined by our need to work out our own problems we do not know how to reach those who are different from us. We have repudiated their life styles, but if we are going to reach them, it may be necessary for us to adopt that style which is so repugnant to us. For us, male and female, profanity is the natural punctuation in a sentence. For them, profanity is used in certain social settings and never in front of women. For us, a church is a building that people go to on Sunday because they haven't learned the value of sleeping late. For them, church is an integral part of life and he who does not attend church is ostracized from the community. When SNCC was organizing in the South, there was never any doubt in the organizer's mind that he would go to church on Sunday morning. He had to if he expected the people in the community to listen to anything he had to say. Yet there were white kids who came South who wanted to argue the existence of God with the local people.

Perhaps it is time for some of us to go back home, to remind ourselves that everything there was not bad. One of the basic problems which has faced many white activists is the fact that they hate the white community. Undoubtedly, the feeling is to some degree justified. Yet there is work to be done there. It won't be as easy as laying around somebody's apartment in a big city, smoking pot and thinking up slogans for the next demonstration. In fact, it's a lifelong job that requires a total commitment. But if that revolution is going to be born, the work must begin.

Yes, they are ugly. Their faces are filled with spite and hatred. But did they deliberately sit in front of the mirror and create those faces? Or were they forced to live lives which tightened the flesh of their faces into a perverted contortion of humanity?

"One must have faith in the best in men," Jose Marti wrote, "and distrust the worst. If not, the worst prevails."

We must acquire that faith.

Julius Lester, LNS  
Guardian

## SPIRO WHO?



BOBB

# MILES

## I'M GAINING STATUS AT THE HIGH SCHOOL

It's a nice, quiet high school. Muted instead of bells, everything cool (just ask the principal)

BUT

Publicity began to happen for the November 4-5 strike. The administration was up in the air for awhile, but repression finally started. Buttons and stickers and leaflets were confiscated--but that didn't stop anyone. The glorious fourth came, and strange things began to happen.

First period--BUZZZZZ! A fire? Everybody poured out of the building. When my class returned to its box the teacher did a 20-minute thing on irresponsibility.

Second period--BUZZZZZ! A fire? Out again.

Two evacuations in one day proved a bit much; enter the crack Skokie police, plainclothes variety. We were told that we couldn't be in the halls for anything during classes. Someone proposed a crap-in, but the word leaked and we couldn't go to the potty. But, in spite of this elaborate security, three more falsies happened during the day.

Lunch-time. A friend was taking movies of the day's fare--mashed potato milk and whatnot. He panned, his lens alit on a cop. Officer Friendly approached and said his piece: "If you put that on me again, I'll break it over your head." A normal day (there's always a cop at school).

Tuesday. 'We meet at Field's, across from dear old Niles North, at 7 A.M. About 40 of us, talking to a reporter and having our pictures taken for somebody's mug file. At two minutes to eight, guess what? BUZZZZZ! Now we're confused. Is it for real? The vote comes down--bogus.

About 30 kids split. Most will be suspended for their part in the events of the fourth and fifth. Their place will be taken by cops assigned to quashing fires in washroom garbage cans.

The administration's paranoia will probably run on for weeks. We got little publicity, but people know where we stand. I salute you, dear old Niles North.

Lou Diamond

If you have high school movement news, ideas, papers, etc, please send them to Lou c/o the Seed.

## SEED RUMAGE SALE

The SEED has a backlog of old issues that are just waiting to be owned by you. We have issues dating back to Vol.1 #8 thru to the present. The cost for owning these past pearls is but a mere

25¢. A cheap buy for hours of past events. If you are interested in buying old issues you may obtain them by coming into the office at 837 N. LaSalle and shouting to the Abyssian albino at the desk, "Hey gimme an old SEED huh?" or sending the bread with a letter telling how many of which issue. Please help us get rid of these before we become trapped by renegade SEEDS.

ju

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**START NEXT YEAR OFF RIGHT:..**

For those still into time as a relevant referent, Abbie Hoffman, the Phineas T. Barnum of capitalism, announce that Hallucinations, Incorporated is offering a color in calendar with original drawings and notations of movement dates. The thing costs \$2.95 and can be scored by writing to the company at 333 East 5th Street, New York 10003. Profits go the Inauguration of the Pig in Washington.

**... FINISH THIS ONE OFF RIGHT:**

Current plans of the State of California call for the re-incarceration of Eldridge Cleaver on or about November 27, 1968. Why? Wasn't Cleaver released on parole three months ago? Didn't Judge Raymond Sherwin, the magistrate granting the writ calling for the release, state "that the uncontradicted evidence presented to this court indicated that the petitioner had been a model parolee."

All true. But Sherwin also remarked that "the peril to his parole status stemmed from no failure of personal rehabilitation, but from his undue eloquence in pursuing political goals..." Sherwin's Peril was realized on September 27th, when the State Court of Appeals, at the request of the California Adult Authority (members courtesy of R. Reagan), overthrew the lower court's decision.

The International Committee to Defend Eldridge Cleaver is calling for funds and signatures to aid in this battle for freedom. Its petition is printed below. Checks can be mailed c/o the listed address.

**International Committee to Defend Eldridge Cleaver**

495 Beach Street San Francisco, California 94133 ROBERT KALDENBACH, Treasurer

TO: GOVERNOR RONALD REAGAN  
HENRY KERR, CHAIRMAN, CALIFORNIA ADULT AUTHORITY  
MEMBERS, CALIFORNIA ADULT AUTHORITY

RE: THE REVOCATION OF ELDRIDGE CLEAVER'S PAROLE.

We, the undersigned, recognize that ELDRIDGE CLEAVER, Senior Editor of Ramparts magazine, Minister of Information of the Black Panther Party, Presidential Candidate on the Peace and Freedom Party ticket, and author of the book Soul on Ice, is a victim of political persecution.

We see Eldridge Cleaver as a creative figure of recognized brilliance, a political leader of recognized importance, and a valuable member of society.

We also see his political suppression and intellectual persecution as similar to the actions of frightened authorities against such figures as Dreyfuss, Eugene Debs, Daniel and Binayevsky, Tom Mooney, and Sacco and Vanzetti.

We therefore state that the imprisonment of Eldridge Cleaver before he has been tried will serve to further prejudice any jury hearing his case, and that the imprisonment of Eldridge Cleaver before he has been tried will violate the principle that an individual is innocent until proven otherwise.

We demand, then, the continuation of parole for Eldridge Cleaver and an end to the harassment and intimidation bestowed upon him daily by the authorities of the State of California in general, and the County of Alameda in particular.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

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RETURN PETITION TO ABOVE ADDRESS



**QUOTE OF THE WEEK:**

"In his essay, 'What's the Matter with Chicago?', Eugene V. Debs captured the essence of the modern city. Chicago, he wrote, 'is the product of modern capitalism, and, like all other great commercial centers, is unfit for human habitation. The Illinois Central Railroad Company selected the site upon which the city is built and this consisted of a vast miasmic swamp far better suited to mosquito culture than for human beings. From the day the site was chosen... by said railway company, everything that entered into the building of the town and the development of the city was determined purely from profit considerations and without the remotest concern for the health and comfort of the human beings who were to live there, especially those who had to do all the labor and produce all the goods.'"

Resistance Press

**GRAPES OF WRATH--IT WORKS:**

Grape sales down 20%! The Delano Grape Strike and the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee have announced that the boycotts on California grapes have cut drastically into grape sales, especially in the North. Grape markets in many northern cities are completely closed; in reaction, growers are routing most of their grapes to the south...

Pressure can be put on market managers in subtle and not-so-subtle ways:

- 1) You can request that the manager of the local store not stock table grapes this season.
- 2) Tell him that there are many in the neighborhood who will stop shopping at the stores that carry grapes.
- 3) If he doesn't co-operate, you can picket--it's legal. Secondary boycott legislation applies only to unions, and local action can be brought by private citizens who picket on behalf of the grape strike.

The Chicago contact for the strike is: Eliseo Medina  
1300 S. Wabash  
HA7-7078 427-4357



**PROPHET OF THE MOVEMENT:**

From a recent letter to Abigail van Buren:

"I am the mother of four healthy, normal daughters, whose ages range from 13 to 22, and I would NEVER offer my daughters birth control pills because it would be the same as saying, 'Go ahead.' But if there were some kind of tasteless powder that accomplishes the same thing, I would be the first to buy it and slip it into their breakfast food every morning."

(signed) REALIST

**NEIGHBORHOOD MENTAL HEALTH CENTER:**

The Sedgwick Community Mental Health Center has been established at the Church of the Three Crosses, 1900 N. Sedgwick. An intensive program has been planned for adults who need more than once-a-week contact with an individual counselor, but who are able to live at home. Each client is involved in an intensive program, including milieu, Group and Individual Psychotherapy, specifically tailored to the individual needs.

For further information, contact the Center.



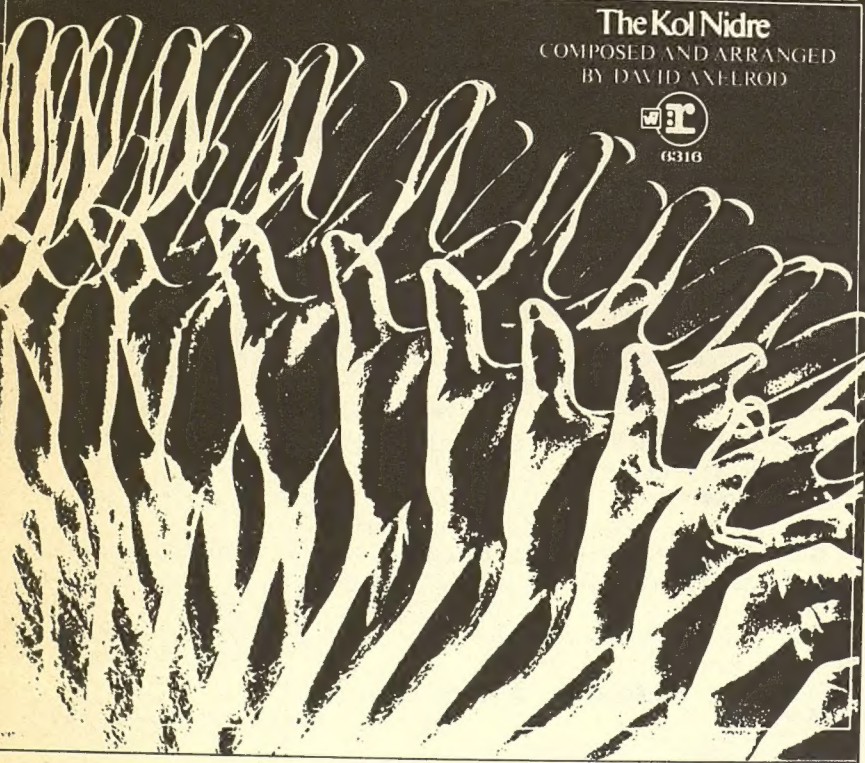
MAD LOVE



STEREO

RELEASE OF AN OATH THE ELECTRIC PRUNES

The Kol Nidre  
COMPOSED AND ARRANGED  
BY DAVID AXELROD



Through the centuries and out of the travail of the past, man has many times, in his search for a better life, been forced by powers beyond his control to forswear the principles of his fathers and to accept the yoke of a conqueror who might vanquish his body, but not his soul. But no man of principle can live with himself having presworn the ideals that he lives by. In yearning to free his spirit of the conqueror's yoke, he has conjured up a psychological release that enables him to break the chains that bind him to any oath made under duress and in violation of his principles. Such a lament is the Kol Nidre—a

prayer of antiquity which cleanses the spirit and enables man to start anew, with his eyes again on the stars.

This, then, is the music of the Kol Nidre, which is as modern and meaningful today as when it was first written. David Axelrod has brought the music into a contemporary stance by blending the melodies of the centuries with today's contemporary sounds. Dave Hassinger has taken the efforts of David Axelrod and, with his provocative talents, has in turn blended them into this artful presentation by The Electric Prunes.

—Jules B. Newman



SOW OF THE LARGE ENGLISH BREED



# SOLICITATION TO COMMIT MOB ACTION

In voice of Martin  
of beings to do  
undo  
luminesce free man free man

NO MORE  
Awareness held a starving prisoner  
exile of inhuman gold standards  
speaking for whom... the people therefore decree

Exhausting taxation  
Prenatal bigotry  
muffling estranged centennial screams  
Atmospheric ignorance to the mountain top  
capped by obscene sniper shots.

America of superficiality and fords down highways flooded with trailers  
headed for Mexico and Canada  
roaming the vast origin beyond Crete's metamorphic cave dwelling gods

Conducting threads  
conceived by an elephant foot economy  
de-briefed and bleached of all color but white  
fleeing factory institutions for shares of meaning  
Superman's ambition in a brown-eye stance to the multitude  
shitting oppressive peg holes methodology of the great society's  
steel jawed castration machine  
patterning neurosis psychosis cesspool stagnation of unevolving minds...

Wilson the mosquitos have come for me  
through the immeasurable womb of  
timelessness

I know by the characteristic self-mockery of their humming  
They move in a trance  
yet snakelike strangle the imagination of millions

Expanding apathy fattens countless billfolds  
with the silver certificates of  
genocide genocide genocide

Which rooted in the british empah  
haunts fallow plantation fields of slave ghosts...  
Allen Ginsberg spirit of the mantra  
might we speak in the early evening sunporch

Knowing society's repetitious ventriloquist lie  
tortured expressionless

The choking gas guns clubs  
sparkling doll house children hip to the masterfully  
planned facade  
sounding fog horns for mythological John Does

Who for lack of any information  
honor pointless militaristic death strategems

Nobly filling perpetual corporNATION waste product quotas

Self-destructive mental behavior  
whipped in line  
to the command of queen ants  
equating money with the essence of a man  
or cannapitalism and establishhit  
the traditional american defoliant  
way

Vaginal napalm  
birth of synapse signal  
invisibly records a body universe  
spinning flashes U.S. citizen of bonanzaland  
scanning past present future  
fades to cop sided photographs  
mindsearching for a hookup with reality

But through each other's eyes  
spying 1968 world wide bablo nightstick gas michigan

A transient picture  
cleansed by vigorous opinion antibodies  
spermed by the centrifugal axis turn

Receivers of the world in its preventive state  
take severe beating sadist fashion  
round the buttocks prodded in the balls  
as trumped testimony flows from inkless typewriter ribbons  
and plots to assassinate are uncovered before they occur

Vacating beyond the cinematic melee  
amateur camera historians  
record farmers threshing alfalfa  
subsidized with arithmetical computations  
disproving the nutrition of wheat

In the presence of moldy podiums  
preachers cum stain their spectacles  
over a third party candidate  
mustering the courage of a love miser's wet dream

A seminal baptism in america's polluted holy water  
signifying another fuhrer pissing contamination  
Along the railed bowels of cities 20th century  
wrigley ads  
chew the junk sick pale light of empty L stations

Epic death rounds the loop  
in the barbarian milieu of jesus christ

Cabrini projects and people starving starving  
Illusions grease c.t.a. windows  
perplexed at the sight of mildewed apple pies  
and yellow arms bands on maxwell street

Sickle cell anemia seapegoats  
of boston tea party flouridation  
ascend to inner freedom  
transcend dependency on

nixon  
humphrey  
wallace  
hitler  
isn't it  
Media merchants  
hawking their soiled ware through tenement alleys and defense plants  
Outrageous perversity shouting  
Dissidents COMMUNISITS dissidents, ANARCHISTS  
Bentcross background replay of white paper memoir fabrication  
A protocol denial that expansion has infiltrated the armories  
in memory of grant's flophouse park  
Garbage can rostrum poets and political agnostics  
detonate the farcical power complex  
yet still perceive the universe in blocks of recurring violence  
Rarely a mention save a whisper of  
Ghandi Martin Mohandas King  
Men of themselves  
telescoping past extinction  
microscoping inside themselves  
outside  
consumed by the question of mankind's overwritten thesis  
Tacticians of thought before words  
words before pathological excitement  
higher  
Confronting mankind  
with an alternate plateau  
mustering nowhere short of blue sky peace  
Picasso city freak fest  
initiates club wielding gorillas mauling  
Blue helmeted badgeless inevitable  
intoxicated with brutality  
slashes heavy thrust whuffing THWACK:  
shattering skulls as do shoulders  
Inseminating fascist prone retired generals to shout  
g o v y o u r m e n t a l cries of DISSIDENTS DISSIDENTS  
drag'm you know where for good...

Synchronous voices  
seep through SS insulated pimptheater  
fusing black and white together  
in V sign fingers heralding perpetual  
REVOLUTION! REVOLUTION! REVOLUTION!  
No more the nightmare of russian cossack swords  
or vested interest in persevering violence

Conditioned barriers jumped  
Idealism conceived idealism achieved  
by h-bomb cell vaporizing implosions

Across syphilitic sleeping beauty to the south... lies  
zhivago reptiletheater

Demodeath daley rigged national johnvention 1968  
Number one machinist  
smiles high atop jericho ace of spades wall  
humpty style in the god given right  
vibing sweaty whisky cigar illegally rational  
double chin plumpishness  
superimposing  
.....  
death camp images  
wheeling dealing bodyguards  
puke stench politico backroom platforms  
Profiteered over oysters and hotdogs  
Munitions makers custom guide  
to the 21st century milking stall  
Convention coercion 68  
initiate regulate decimate billy club BAM  
Surftizen reflecting bastille  
ricochets nuclear corporation gallows wish  
Dow chemical f.b.i. anus  
groins consciously  
into wasp educational system via c.i.a.

Worldwide medics diagnosing a blood and brain soaked confrontation  
propel grand jury momentum  
cresting million foot wave  
to drown away wall street  
Public rape cliches spew from the great dairy state  
media sellout pomp straw hats and odious farts from the  
blue ass state  
pigshit platitudes from the cattle states  
Caucasian caucus persuasion  
painting black boy white superior if they'll go along  
Daily daley reasoning  
sterilizing john hancock's erection  
with the rubber of lincoln park  
Lubricating treachery stretched to perfection  
approaching orgastic collapse

G O V Y O U R V R A I N M E N T hole in your pocket oops...  
and always for your own good  
like the benevolent parking meter  
Creating dinosaur egg jobs  
that hatch into portraits of other declining towns  
Shitheel syndicate scene of the universe  
ZHICAGO  
strangler of two renaissances  
attempting to murder the time arrow  
Special security slaughterhouse of the barbed wired  
unconstitutionalized peasants  
Dissolve to clubs whipping womb game world reality  
Here there an executive gets it in the ass  
Bumper crop babes suck nostril eroding tear gas  
paralyzed by mace



Snot oozes down torn cheeks  
cooling paleolithic cliff howls of  
**COMMIE BASTARDS**  
Bruised faces soothed with vaseline  
burn in effigy words against the wall  
up 300% from 64 to 68  
Om chants challenge bayonets fixed against a festival of life  
clenching the five fingers of Lawrence Lipton that  
yank at the supports of niagra falls  
Demolishing the hyp-o-dem-ic way of  
repetitive presidential primaries  
In the cartoon amphitheatrum  
patseys pantomime ghost written speeches  
forgotten with tomorrow's diarrhea  
Puppets of 500 master usurers  
compound semi-annual skims in swiss banks  
War the destitute nation's guns and butter capicommusocio  
pound of flesh  
Top secret means to make a hit  
italians in abstentia  
Some impotent chief of staff fantasy licks spattered brains  
tears the scabs from severed pricks and pops cadaverous testicles  
propagating further bleeding paranoia  
Mutilations of uncountable archive moth picked skeletons  
refuse to march single file line for a reissuance of uniforms  
Parkside across the conrad miltown...  
summer night breezes fill dry mouth newborn revolutionaries  
calling empathetic tranquil rays of man's hope for survival  
Eclectic fission of will and fact  
procreating a movement pro empirical existentialism  
'cause the texas scar belly stampedes the supreme court  
Grok the geometric colors of mind fuck  
as light fact kindles through  
Wallace  
cellular circuitry of arterial mind womb  
take what you will to the bomb shelter  
For I write poetry as a mortal  
up against abolished officialdom  
preserving the option of man over mob  
Those knowing another way  
will bring you to your knees with their humanity  
So squeeze the whitehead of america's whale lie  
causing infection but curing it faster  
Play your role in a burning theater  
deaf to placental sitars  
blind to fragile prism of nature's orgone morn  
Then why do farmers follow you  
when across their fields come the monolithic thunder claps  
HUMANITY.....HUMANITY.....HUMANITY  
Mass assembly pig infiltrators succumb to reiterated racist purpose  
yet another charismatic climax beckons mankind penetrate  
Achates mouth magic...it's only a question of...wait  
I hear the sound I see the flash of one bomb  
leveling cemetery cities  
The fathers in consort  
passing parking misdemeanors  
to the erotic rhythms pulsating from Puerto Rican Harlem  
Unerased visions  
inner ear echoesWHACK'M ONE ON THE BACK!  
hairline fracture vegetable CRACK!  
Intelligence demolition expert pounds girl never to be the same  
as borealis minds exhibit revolutionary abstractionism  
philosophically tuned forward  
Spit rivulets dry from black brutalized memories  
putting faces back again on children's drawings  
dawning a new era of cool breeze brothers  
Other believing surfs  
propagandized to law and order  
nod pathetic stupidity at a touched tv print  
in fascist subjectivity  
Curious inhuman products of cartel creativity  
Parkdwellers about revolutionizing man to woman humanity  
fill south state street with a solidarity om...om...om  
Lurking in the jaded halls of daley's city hall closet mind...  
"initiate phase 1"  
emergency courts grind into action  
Soliciting backroom bargain judges  
fixed nature state maggots  
keep the system operative will well oiled palms  
prepare to strike down glowlife Huey Eldridge  
eat the flesh of Jerry  
gavel down an earthling unfolding  
pump air into a hole riddled hull and  
slaughter the young if need be  
pull the cork on repressed desires to hang the tight ass radical stud  
he contemplated bayonet faces  
inscribes...I ain't a flower child no more  
Warriors and witches appear before black robed city hall booze hounds  
piss cool the wheels of huac tumbrils  
ready to handle the seminal gush of legal dissent  
Scale butcher mandrills and subcommittee robots in league with anti-life  
unable to find their own channels  
fart unresolved anxieties point blank  
into smiling superficial citizens  
strung out on symbolic antiquated semantics

Down south state  
Yellow dividing line separates pigs from people  
Peace chants volume up to helicopters fluttering in warm night skies  
Floodlight beams bathe V-sign fingers of accurate crowd estimates demonstrating  
Humble ejaculation to authority in the warmth of crashing out  
And on to the 18th street confrontation  
under a viaduct of Chicago disrepair  
complimenting beer belly blue shirt fence round the profusion alternative  
PEACE force detention for the respected few arrested  
Seeking faces hawk debut of one act street theater smashes  
rescripting demands and refusals  
signaling the beginning and end of a primordial cycle  
PEACE freaks fill the coliseum on to the central tonic  
absorbing the experimental unproclaimed poets of tomorrow  
Ego activate the drums of their respective causes  
BUT BROTHERS where is it  
if it ain't past anarchy?  
Voyagers through the crackling of star raptured nights  
tune in without bell to the grant park ecstasy  
knowing news is old when its all been projected  
The same for the housing projects  
Camouflaged camps ready for use but  
gathering dust in a dull mental setting until the appointed time  
when misery blares unbearably from the guts of alarmists  
Transfer of echoes and vibrations that party loyalists never hear  
vibrating crumbling foundations 300 years hardened by hearers  
axing little caesar's ivory towered utility to the mob  
Ripples whirl the sand and twilight beach conquests whistle clear  
Self stomps the flag  
flowing far beyond extinction  
screaming into the megaphone time tunnel STEP UPSTAIRS HOMOSAPIEN  
One way street segment of society CEASE AND DESIST  
give us the wheel  
and heed another interpretation of the greatest mistake  
At 12 strokes a pig nomination  
affirming the major premise of fear  
Compromising society suffers a healthy mental breakdown  
Carnival satire to be noted by some surreal psychoanalyst  
The path to pillage bulldozed for another four years  
A company shakeup  
calling the shots with identical hangman's scheduling  
50 million povertyites abject  
perhaps the victims of apartheid  
or booty of an ageless sack  
torch again the charred ghettos of home  
regarded as stricken areas  
on the war board of washington's human commodity market  
A sympathy of floodlights probes into fear resolved  
strobing new moon chicks  
beaten insensitively round the buttocks  
adding to the astrological bankruptcy of excessive breasts bashing  
Assimilating rainbows of gaseous existence  
rising in mushroom cloud  
viewed through lotus petals bursting into void light  
hurling protoplasm through the positive expanse of awareness  
Alabama's 32 votes go to the next president of the united plates  
Some cuckold delegate erects under his napkin  
scans the craving headlines  
wondering whether bill got the whore  
passed security at the hilton  
Ah slip a cop a fin and nothin' to worry about  
In a refrain of low imaginative activity hearing  
fuck it anyway fuck it anyway  
Alaska passes  
a gesture of non-idea cosmos  
Society's succubus  
beaten for want of a change  
surfacing the weirdo in medieval politicians  
Cross-country angry white liberals  
slap fast rising sado stimulated hardons when  
Commercial housewives nag their douchebag interest from the kitchen  
doggedly shouting WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW HONEY?  
sacrificing the scene to a beer and pretzels  
simultaneously formulating a menu of mayonnaise  
for the lunchbox of hubby's  
vain fantasy  
In the magical pockets of chicago sanfran city of angels nyc  
survival severs the last snytax  
bridging generation gap mishap  
Pre-eternal hands clasp in revolution strength  
The repetitious phenomenon of human determination  
conjured up anew by the visions of seers and seekers  
South side slaughter continues white washed  
PEACE is relegated subservient to rank continuity and party file identity  
Madam chairman calls a repeat...complains and kids  
Not enough room for the loyal group  
a boo one two three hissss...  
Georgia's julian bond welds 13 1/2 chain votes on McCarthy  
Whose individualistic harmony projects a flash of people singing parkside  
Euphoric reward injecting the catalyst of revelation  
quaking the nominees back to their origins  
the absence of sound save a visionary heckler gurgling  
one perhaps two...  
THIS POEM IS DEDICATED TO BLACK POWER

Cary H. Gliberman





● REVOLUTIONARY POEM: WHAT TREES DO THEY PLANT by Brian D. Boyer

graphic by H. Dewar